

September 2, 1911
 COMMISSIONER'S
 MEETINGS.
 COMMISSIONER
 L.-Col. Pughin
 and Potter,
 and other
 members.
 Services at
 8 p.m.
 TUESDAY
 AUGUST 27th,
 8 and 7 p.m.
 COMMISSIONER
 the Wedding
 of T. T. H. Q.
 OFFIELD, of
 the Staff, in
 on Monday,
 at 8 p.m.
 headquarters
 and will be
 COMMISSIONER
 important
 JUDGE in
 Albert St.
 TOBER 3,
 Soldiers of
 ed.
 will com-
 harp.
 Secretary
 and
 TIER
 ding of
 PUGMIRE,
 TICKERS,
 on
 at 8 p.m.
 present.
 MEETINGS.
 HEAD-
 BAND
 le on
 at 8 p.m.
 COBBS
 d.)
 Eggs
 th.
 Bond
 Staff
 ONTO
 (Staff)
 er.
 PRIV-
 UN,
 Army
 Staff
 Fort
 2nd

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

27th Year. No. 50

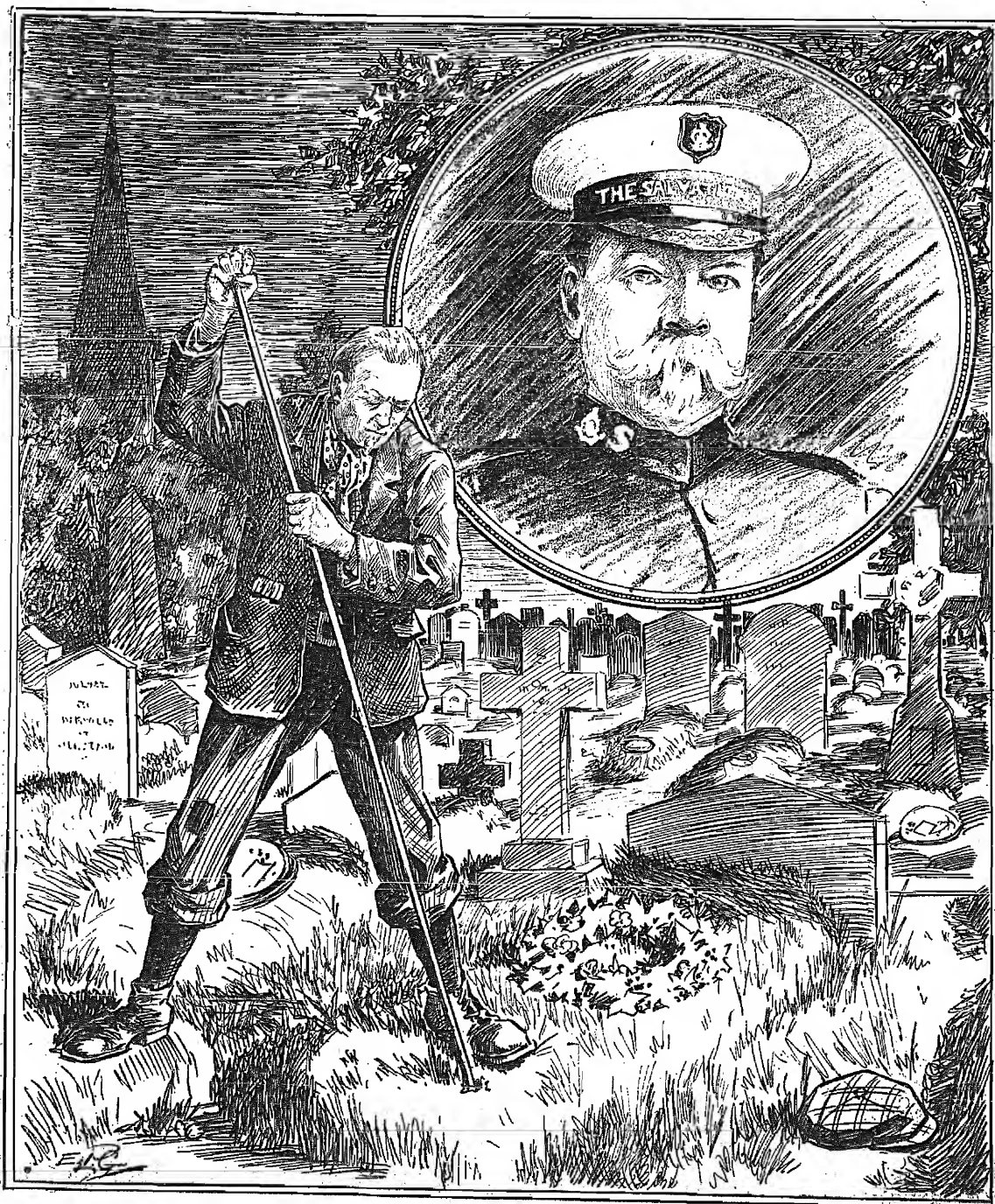
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1911.

DAVID M. REES,
Commissioner

Price 5 Cents.

Our New Serial Story begins in this Issue.



"I've gone at midnight with an iron rod and thrust it down so I could touch her coffin."

See page Six.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH: The Life Story of Major Stoker.



Making Sure of Happiness.

Learn to Value Present Possessions.

Happiness depends, not on what we have, but on our attitude toward what we have. Those who are unhappy to-day because they lack something that they cannot have, are not likely to be any happier to-morrow, after they have gotten what they wanted. It has been well said that you will never have what you like until you learn to like what you have. Contentment and happiness are not matters of material possession at all. It is like the problem of living within an income; those who have not learned to live within their present small income, and who think that an increase of income is all that is needed to get and keep out of debt, find that larger income means only larger opportunity for debt—and larger debt. So greater possessions, to the discontented man usually mean only greater discontentment. When we have resolutely trained ourselves to like what we have—by dwelling on its bright side and rejoicing in it instead of thinking curiously about what we have not—and to be content with, or contained within, whatever state we are in instead of discontentedly trying to break out into another state that would not be good for us, we shall begin to find life abounding with that effervescent joy that was the watchword of the one who urged us all to "rejoice always."—Selected.

New "Musical" Instrument.

Composed of Old Meat-tins.

The mania for odd and grotesque patents is an old one. It is satirized by Dean Swift in his account of the ridiculous inventions of the Academy of Lagado; and before Swift's day, Mr. Pepys records his experience of a new musical instrument called the "Arehed Vyalik," in which the performer played on a key-board, and caused a piece of parchment to be drawn across the strings of a kind of violin.

But here is a patent a few days

The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. That all autumn soul-saving efforts may be crowned with victory.

2. Pray that all preparations for annual congress may be crowned with success and blessing.

3. Pray that all hearts may be prepared for the messages Mrs. Bramwell Booth will have to deliver.

4. Pray for the public gatherings of the Congress.

5. Pray for Field Officers' Councils in connection with Annual Congress.

SUNDAY, Sept. 17.—Hosanna

aid which quite outdoes the mechanism that the diarist saw and heard and probably disliked. The patent comes from Manchester, and relates to a device or means for producing harmony from old meat tins or other discarded tins, and consists in forming on the bottom of the tins either raised pimples or indentations, or both, according to the note that is required to be produced when the tin is struck with a stick. A number of these tins are placed in an inverted position in a board preferably covered with a fabric, and a solo or duet can be played by the performer or performers striking the tins corresponding to the notes required with a stick held in each hand.

One knows (says The Evening News) that a disposition to make a frightful noise is part of the heritage of Adam, and every child has practised on old meat tins, to the terror of all peaceful folk. But this inventor from Manchester takes a natural failing and tries to make of it a systematic and organized vice.—Bandsman, Songster, and L. O.

"E's Got Religion.

An Ex-Boozer's Testimony.

Under the heading of "Miracles of Grace, a local supplement to Harold Begbie's book," J. D. W. wrote an interesting article in a Welsh daily newspaper. It is to Swansea H. Corps that the "troubles" mentioned belong.

Sweet voices (says the writer) drew me one Saturday evening to a street-corner where the modern St. Pauls were placing their Gospel before the Gentiles. I listened until the hymn ceased, and a man, weather-scared and roughly dressed, stepped into the ring. His voice was hoarse, and his language graceless; but he told a story that stepped further towards the heart of science than most savants have penetrated.

"Look at me, mates," his torn voice said to the crowd. "Five years ago I was what you would call a terror. I soaked in booze; I swam in it. I was a regular out-and-out. I bashed the missis and the kids, and I've done a good many seven days. But one day, He tapped me on the shoulder, and something

Victory. II. Chron. xx.: 10-20. MONDAY, Sept. 18.—Insolence and Respect. I. Kings xxii.: 51; II. Kings i.: 2-17.

TUESDAY, Sept. 19.—Gloriously Promoted. II. Kings ii.: 1-11. WEDNESDAY, Sept. 20.—Double Portion Won. II. Kings ii.: 12-24.

THURSDAY, Sept. 21.—Grateful Prophet. II. Kings iv.: 1-16. FRIDAY, Sept. 22.—It is Well. II. Kings iv.: 18-33.

SATURDAY, Sept. 23.—What a Little Maiden Did. II. Kings iv.: 34-49; v.: 1-7.

LOST LOVE.

It is a sad but undeniable fact that we have up and down the country, in and out of our ranks, a great crowd of men and women whose characters are clearly described in the above remarks. I have met and talked with them, and reminded them of the hour

went out of me. I can't tell you 'ow it was, but something else came in. My bottles said, 'E's got religion,' and I 'ad. But I 'ave'n't touched drink from that day to this, and I've got a tidy little home."

It brought forcefully to the mind Mr. Begbie's contention that Christianity is now a philosophy, but a living force performing visible miracles. There was enough dynamic power running at the Hall to revolutionize Swansea.—British War Cry.

How a Great Library was Formed

What Thrift can do.

It is stated that Professor Mayor, of Cambridge, who died at a ripe old age, built up one of the finest libraries in Cambridge—which means one of the finest libraries in the kingdom, for Cambridge is, of course, a hotted of books—out of money he saved on food. At one time in his career, when in face of poverty and hardship he was carving his way to fame and position, the professor lived on twopenny a day. As to whether he was right, or even wise, in reducing his food bill to such beggarly limits, we do not venture an opinion. That plain, simple food, and little of it, is not only cheap, but beneficial, stands out sufficiently evident from the General's splendid example, for his daily fare is well known to be of the most frugal character. But whether the late professor's method deserves to be imitated or not, it certainly inspires admiration, and for our present purpose it supplies a suggestive illustration of what may be accomplished by a determination to save.

With an old potato sack slung over his shoulder an aged farmer staggered with his load into the premises of the Belfast Bank one day and said he wanted to lodge some money. The amazed bank official, on opening the sack, found that it contained 1,200 sovereigns, a portion of the aged man's life savings.

These are merely illustrations. There is, of course, a vast and distinct difference between thrift and miserliness, and to go on hoarding up pence without putting them to any good and profitable use is equally bad for the

heart, but waited to register my vow in Heaven—"Yes, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Herein lies the secret of my holding on. How shall I go back from my vow? Is there a difficulty greater than our Deliverer? To you who have gone back I say: "Recall and renew your vows." To you who are thinking of going back or giving up: "Remember your vows."

While I think of this subject, there returns to me memories of hours in the past when, after doing my utmost in my Company, I have gone away feeling how useless my efforts have been, and Satan has whispered, "Give it up." But I have remembered who gave me the charge, "Feed My lambs." He asked me not what great talents I possessed, but all He asked was, "Lowest than Me more than the things of the earth?" He knew my

individual and for the rest of society. But thrift is worth cultivating.—Australian War Cry.

The Timely Word.

Say It Now, ere Death Comes.

Oh, how the praises, but the hundredth part, Poured out upon the clay, Would have fed full the eager, hungry heart.

In need of naught to-day!

Why do we keep as silent as the grave,

Till in it, free from care, Is reckless dust, that nothing else can crave

Than silence and the dark?

Are we so weak, we do not dare commend

What others have passed by? Are the warm praises that our judgments lend

Cooled by a capricious eye? Yes; and too often through a selfish fear,

Or negligence alone, We keep its dues back from the asking ear

Till it be dull as stone, Quick be the recognition of its worth;

So sweet the timely word, Praise may be dear in Heaven, and here on earth

Is sure of being heard. —British Social Gazette.

Ruskin's Wonderful Memory.

One Slip in 13,000 Quotations.

Mr. E. T. Cook, the editor of Ruskin's Complete Works, speaking at Whitehall College, stated that in all Ruskin's writings there are about thirteen thousand Biblical references. He always quoted from memory, and Mr. Cook found only one slip in all the quotations. Alluding to young David, Ruskin speaks of three smooth stones with which the lad went forth to meet Goliath. The number of the stones was five, not three; "and," added Mr. Cook humorously, "the odd two are hardly worth throwing at Ruskin's memory." Ruskin must have committed whole books of the Bible to memory. We need more of this to-day. Our grandfathers knew their Bibles far better than we do, and this ought not to be.—Messenger.

heart, but waited to register my vow in Heaven—"Yes, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Herein lies the secret of my holding on. How shall I go back from my vow? Is there a difficulty greater than our Deliverer? To you who have gone back I say: "Recall and renew your vows." To you who are thinking of going back or giving up: "Remember your vows."

WORKERS WANTED.

God never goes to the lazy or idle when He needs men for His service. When God wants a worker He calls a worker.

Moses was busy with his flocks at Horeb, as busy thrashing wheat by the wine-press.

David was busy caring for his father's sheep.

Elisha was busy ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen.



Th

An



of sympathy any other m of sorrow, a am about to one ray of l things, and pension. make the w and childre to come.

KNOWLED.

Perhaps do you wri reason only to be done by winning To secure the subject of Cassell's thus ensur tion in the women to

In my deal of mi among all of the wo stantly in are trustee carthly ho In consequ on behine bright th the wrong among th ated as h cent wor

I have absolute but if th that gre tainty th this, an jeel up into det of none victims eral co to proce death.

THE S

Pr allindiv support compa plish could kind o not p benda ering needs deals amor

C dark fact been them had been ques a yo of il Th this and ferri

The White Slave Traffic.

By MRS. BRANWELL BOOTH.

An article which should be read by all those who are interested in Social Reform.

HERE are many sorrows in the world (says Mrs. Booth in a recent number of Cassell's Magazine.) Perhaps the world is better for them. Certainly I think it is better for some of them. They help to soften hard and selfish natures, and to teach us all high lessons of sympathy and goodness which could not be learned so well by any other means. But I do not think that this applies to all kinds of sorrow, and especially I do not feel that the great sorrow I am about to speak of is one of them. It is a dark grief without one ray of light in it. In its train follow many very painful things, and I cannot find in any of them the least solace of compensation. Wherever they come, they darken human life, and make the world a harder place to live in, especially for women and children, and they cast their shadows even upon the world to come.

KNOWLEDGE OF WHICH THE WORLD IS IGNORANT.

Perhaps someone who has read so far may say, "Then why do you write about them?" Well, for one reason, and for one reason only. I wish to assuage these griefs. I think that ought to be done, and I think it can be done, though only in one way—by winning the help of those who have influence in the nation. To secure that help, it is necessary to spread information upon the subject. That is why I write of it. I wish to let the readers of Cassell's Magazine know something of what is going on, and thus ensure their sympathy and, I hope, their energetic co-operation in the efforts which are being made by many good men and women to provide a remedy for the evils to which I allude.

In my work in The Salvation Army, I have met with a great deal of misery among women and young girls. The Army works among all classes, and its agencies are spread over a large part of the world. It is natural, therefore, to find its Officers constantly in touch with those who are weak and friendless. They are trusted by all kinds of people, and those who have no other earthly help or succour come to them in their grief and shame. In consequence of this, I hear of and see a great deal which goes on behind the scenes. My heart is torn and sad, and this world's bright things have lost many of their charms for me because of the wrongs done to the weak and lonely of the peoples. And among the weak and lonely, none are so much to be compassionated as betrayed and injured women, especially young and innocent women.

I have no doubt that very many readers of this Magazine are absolutely ignorant of what is called the White Slave Traffic; but if they are to use any of their powers to assist in combating that great evil, they must be willing to know of its existence. Certainly this can be my only excuse for writing such an article as this, and the Editor's for being willing to print it. This is a subject upon which it is not necessary to multiply words or enter into details. It is surely sufficient to state the fact that vast sums of money are spent every year by lustful men in securing fresh victims, and that a regularly organized business exists in several countries in which both men and women take part in order to procure young girls to be lured into this most terrible living death.

THE STORY OF TWO FRENCH GIRLS.

Prebendary Wakeford, speaking in Liverpool recently, and alluding to the fact that Rescue Work for Women was chiefly supported by women, said, "Did it ever occur to his hearers to compare the sum a wicked man would gladly spend to accomplish the ruin of a woman, with the amount that a good man could be induced to spend on her reclamation? That was a new kind of balance sheet to strike, and the figures arrived at were not pretty to contemplate." The comparison to which the Prebendary alludes has, indeed, often occurred to me when considering and mourning over the difficulty of raising the money needed to carry on the section of Salvation Army work which deals especially with the consequences of this sad state of things among the women.

Only very occasionally is the veil lifted which hides this dark world of horror. Yet at the time of writing this article the fact has been disclosed that the men now on trial in Italy have been taking part in this traffic, and, on his own confession, one of them brutally kicked to death a young woman who, finding she had been duped and realizing the purpose for which she had been trapped, resisted. At the same moment I have been requested to receive and return to her own home on the Continent a young girl of ten years of age who has been found in a house of ill-fame here in London.

The most difficult thing about this traffic is its secretiveness and deceit. Advertisements offering all kinds of employment to

women are largely used as a bait. Singers, secretaries, typists, governesses, companions, domestic servants of all kinds, are offered situations on more or less attractive terms. Especially do these evil traffickers pose as theatrical agents, sometimes working through dancing academies in order to get hold of attractive children. When once a girl has been induced to leave her home—particularly if she has also left her native land—she is practically at the mercy of these inhuman destroyers. They regard neither God nor man. No entreaties move them from their hideous purpose. No distress or suffering in their victims makes any difference in their cruel and heartless sacrifice of all that is good in life for a little gold; for, of course, money largely enters into this matter. The houses of ill-fame in certain parts of the world can afford to pay large sums in order to get attractive girls into their power. Wicked men of a certain class are also ready to pay liberally if their wishes can be gratified. Thus a business demand is created, and immediately there comes into being the machinery by which to supply it.

Nearly every civilized country has the means of checking this evil to some extent among its own people, but the moment those people go to some other country—especially if another language is spoken or the distance is great—a new set of difficulties arises in preserving them from harm. So that a young English girl in Paris or Vienna could be injured in ways which would be almost impossible if she remained in England and a young Austrian woman could with impunity be destroyed in Chicago or Buenos Ayres just because she was a foreigner and unknown.

The uniform of The Salvation Army often proves very useful in this connection. Here is an example. Two young French girls were engaged by a woman and taken from Paris to South Africa. Though the woman posed as a lady and was finely dressed, the captain of the vessel became suspicious of her and secured the services of a passenger who could speak French to warn the young women. When they arrived in the harbour at Cape Town two Salvation Army Officers came on board to meet some friends, and the French girls, whose fears had been aroused, seeing the familiar uniform which recalled to them our Paris workers, spoke to the Officers, with the result that on inquiries being made the fine lady who had engaged them hastily disappeared, and the girls were left thousands of miles from home with only their new Salvationist friends to depend upon. Had no one appeared to help them, there is little doubt their ruin would have been accomplished.

A CHANGE NEEDED.

So far as our own English girls are concerned, The Salvation Army has for two years past been seeking an alteration in the law, and I hope that before the present Session of Parliament concludes one step, at least, will be taken to check the sending of our young people out of the country to take employment in questionable circumstances elsewhere. Such a strengthening of the law in this country will no doubt help forward the interests of reform in other lands.

Comparatively few of the white women are brave enough to make such resistance that their betrayers are constrained to murder them rather than run the risk of their escape, and thus the majority pass into the life of living death as outcasts. This is largely due to the fact that, as Prebendary Wakeford says, "society chooses to act as though the woman alone is at fault, and to throw the whole punishment upon her." In these words the Prebendary seems to me to describe one of the strongholds of evil which are largely responsible for the existence of this horrible traffic. If we could create a public opinion which would accept the fact that, as the Prebendary states, "the blame for a sin against morality should rest more upon the man than upon the woman," a very different state of things would speedily be brought about, and many men who value the position and opportunities which life offers would be constrained, from motives of self-interest, to live clean lives, and the evil of which I am writing would largely cease to exist. But as long as the standard held by those in authority on this subject—our law-makers, the men in command of the Army and Navy, many large employers of labour, and others—is so unequal, and practically no notice is taken of a moral lapse on the part of a man, while the first fall from virtue on the part of a woman leads to her social ruin, I see little hope of successfully combating this traffic.

Few things can be more distressing to those who really value the moral standards of a nation than the spectacle presented by many quite honourable and kindly people when in the presence of some forms of this evil.

(To be concluded next week.)

Band Chat.

We much regret to hear that Bandmaster Hart of Lisgar Street is very seriously ill. At the moment of going to press we learn that the doctors entertain hopes for the Bandmaster's recovery, but a complication of internal complaints makes the chances somewhat slim. Pray for our comrade.

* *

Brigadier Hargrave, who visited Toronto a few days ago, informs us that the **Montreal 1** Band is doing well, and keeping its standard high. Bandmaster Lambert is leading on; he has about twenty-five Bandsmen under his control.

* *

Bandsman Will Dark is the latest addition to the **Riverdale** Band. He is playing 1st trombone.

Captain and Mrs. Burton, of Chicago, were visitors to the Corps on Sunday, Aug. 27. The Captain, who is also the Deputy Bandmaster of the **Western States** Provincial Staff Band, was formerly Bandmaster at Riverdale.

* *

The **Temple Band** now has a saxophone section of five players. Two new saxophones were purchased recently—an alto and a soprano. Bandsman F. White, late of *Portage la Prairie*, is the latest addition to the same section. Bandsman T. Greenaway (son of Brigadier Greenaway), and Bandsman Lawson (son of Adj. Lawson of England), are recent additions to the Band's cornet section.

* *

The Financial Department at Toronto T. H. Q. can perhaps boast of having more Bandmasters on its staff than any other similar department out of England. No fewer than four of its members—half the complete staff—lead Army Bands in Toronto: Riverdale, Temple, Toronto 1, and Parliament Street. Two, Ensign Hanagan and Capt. Myers, thirteen years ago worked together at the old Trade Headquarters in London, Eng. Little did they think that one day they would again be thrown together as Officers and as Bandmasters.

* *

Hamilton 111 Band has welcomed Bro. Rodwell from Brantford and Bro. Pearson of Cornwall. The Band is now nineteen strong.

* *

Lippincott St. Band is to give a series of special musical festivals during September which is, for Toronto at least, a "special" month on account of the Canadian National Exhibition being held during that time. Next week the Bandsmen's annual tea will be held. Brigadier Morehen is expected to be present.

Little Bay Island.—We are still having victory here. Although only a few in number this summer, as most of the folks are away to the fishery, still God is with us.

On Sunday night, July 30th, while the comrades were all singing, "Here I Give My All to Thee," two backsliders rose to their feet and came to the penitential form. A Fighter.

Ensign and Mrs. Stitt

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF TWO NEWLY-WEDDED OFFICERS.

Our War Cry readers the life of an Army Officer usually begins at the time of conversion, for the story of that important event generally commences a career sketch. It shall do so in the case of Ensign Filz William Stitt. Briefly the facts are as follows: Although trained by Officer parents (Colonel and Mrs. Stitt of International Headquarters) Will himself gave little or no thought



Mrs. Ensign Stitt.

to a career in the Army until the death of his grand father (Major Cuet) occurred, when he went to an Army meeting and there heard the voice of conscience say: "Take your grandfather's place!" As a lad of thirteen summers he decided that he would, and went to the penitential form to settle the matter. He had no idea of the honours that would follow his decision for God and the Army. For instance, he became the first Corps Cadet in the Corps (it was a new opening) and later was the first convert there to play a brass instrument in public. It was his sympathy for the Bandmaster—who had no Band!—that prompted him to learn to play. The Bandmaster passed by Will's home one Sunday morning blowing his cornet with ear-splitting effect, and at the same time endeavouring to keep the soldiers in step.

"I must help that man," said our convert to himself. He did so, and the white cord and whistle of a Bandmaster fell to his lot before he left the Corps to become an Officer. For over two years previous to that time, he was employed in the Architect's Dept. at International Headquarters in London. In 1903 he entered the Training College, which was then in charge of our present Commissioner. Another two and a half years in the Architect's Department at the International centre, and then Captain Stitt was appointed as Property Secretary for the Midland Province of the British Territory, with Lieut.-Colonel Whiller as his Provincial Commander. Appointment to the property section at National Headquarters came in January, 1907. The Captain remained there, working under Brigadier Hamments and Major Rowe, till

the following June, when he was transferred to the Property Department at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto. His musical ability soon found him a place in the Staff Band, and almost simultaneously he took charge of the Territorial Y. P. Band. In March, 1910, he was promoted to the rank of Ensign, and at the Dufferin Grove Camp meetings of the same year was publicly commissioned as Bandmaster of the Y. P. Band by the Chief Secretary.

As a member of the Property Department, the Ensign has done considerable travelling in this vast dominion, and although his work affords only a limited scope for the solely spiritual side of things, he eagerly grasps every opportunity for doing a bit of actual soul-saving, as witness the fact that he conducted several little meetings on the trains which a short time ago bore him and his fellow-travellers to the Pacific Coast.

There was nothing very romantic about the Ensign's meeting with the young woman who is now his wife. On arrival in Canada and in Toronto, he happened—yes only happened!—to stay for a few weeks with two well-known comrades. But he was not at first aware that they were already entertaining a young lady under their hospitable roof. However, he was not long in making that discovery, and this—that the young lady's name was Coffield. Within the following few months, friendship ripened into deep love, which



Ensign Stitt.

has now found its culmination in a happy marriage. May it ever remain so.

Mrs. Ensign Stitt.

Mrs. Ensign Stitt, formerly Capt. Clara Bell Coffield, also has godly parents, and to them she attributes the fact that early in her teens she had deep yearnings for a personal knowledge of God and His salvation. At the age of fifteen she got converted in an Army meeting, and was enrolled as a Soldier of the No. 11. Corps in St. Johns, Newfoundland, where her father, who was one of the first Salvationists in the sea-girt isle, held the posi-

tion of Sergt.-Major, for about years. He is now Treasurer of the Corps.

Clara Coffield immediately started to work in the Corps, like all good converts should, and on Sundays became a Company Guard, but she soon wanted to do more than that for her Master and souls. And the longing to enter that path of increased usefulness—Officership—had marked her earliest days as a Salvation Soldier. Her ambitions seemed a little nearer realization when she went as a stenographer to St. Johns Provincial Headquarters, where two and a half years of her life were spent. Then in 1907 Miss Coffield came to Toronto, and was employed for twelve months in the Correspondence Department at T. H. Q. In January, 1908, she publicly reconsecrated her life to God and His work, and in September of the same year became a Cadet in the Training College. Commissioned as Lieutenant in February, 1909, she was sent to Vancouver Provincial Headquarters, where she remained until December, 1910. During her appointment at the Pacific Coast, Lieut. Coffield was promoted to the rank of Captain. At Vancouver 1. Corps she filled the capacity of Corps Cadet Guardian, and also conducted the Y. P. Bible Class. At least two of the members of that class afterwards became Officers. But this was not all. The Captain started a First-Aid Class, which had good success under her leadership.

Following her farewell from Vancouver, Captain Coffield was in College office. This was her last appointment before her marriage, upon which the War Cry wishes for Ensign and Mrs. Stitt Heaven's choicest blessings.

Shot Rapids on Log.

A sensational feat was recently performed at the Soo by a young lumberman, who shot the rapids on a 10-foot log. He emerged unscathed with the exception of a few bruises sustained when he was dashed against a rock. He stood upright on the log until the swiftest part of the rapids was reached. Then he took to the water, holding to the log by means of a small rope. For nearly two minutes he was submerged while above the big falls, and was nearly drowned.

It is amazing what some men little notoriety. Witness the recent feat of "Bobby" Leach, for instance, who went over Niagara in a barrel. But as long as the crowd applauds such foolhardy acts so long will men risk their lives in trying to do what has never been attempted before.

German Labour Troubles.

The strike fever seems to have spread to Germany. At Bremen the dockers are refusing to unload British vessels on which strike-breakers are employed, and at other points grows of discontent are heard. The general belief is that the men have become dissatisfied since the success of the British railway strike.

The cigar workers are discussing what they call the inadequate rate of wages paid to them. They hope to secure some concessions from the employers without the necessity of a strike.



The Police
The sub-
opposing
rea-

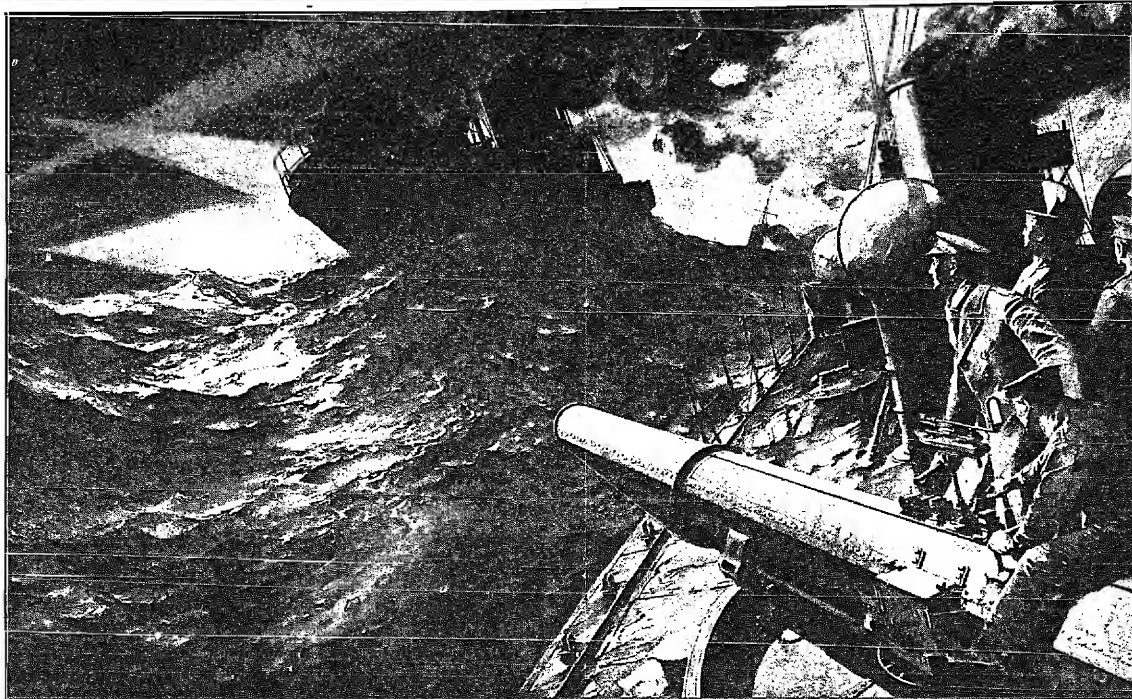
The Cost of

The recent strike has to both employees and employers. It is estimated that the strike has cost the companies \$500,000 worth of business. The inconvenience to the public is also great. These are the costs of industrial action.

Increase in

There is a noticeable increase in the number of immigrants from the United States. This is due to the fact that many Americans are seeking better opportunities in Canada. The increase is particularly noticeable in the manufacturing and service industries.

The world and its ways



The Police of the Seas and Their "Bull's-eyes": Searchlights Reveal a Night Attack by Destroyers During Naval Manoeuvres. The subject of this picture shows a flotilla of these craft discovered by the aid of powerful searchlights from the forts and opposing cruisers. The man sitting astride the torpedo-tube is looking through the range-finder, with one hand on the lever, ready to launch forth the deadly torpedo, which, needless to say, in these experimental manoeuvres is not a "live" one.

The Cost of a Strike.

The recent British Railway strike has resulted in great loss to both employers and men. It is estimated that during the two days the strike was on over \$2,500,000 were lost by the railway companies. The men, of course, lost their wages. In addition to this, the public were put to great inconvenience, and conditions almost amounting to a famine were brought about.

These labour wars are cruel and costly. Often they are ineffectual. The time is ripe for legislation to the effect that differences between employers and their men must be dealt with by a national arbitration tribunal.

Increase in Immigration.

There has been a big increase in the number of immigrants arriving in Canada for the month of July, over the same period for last year. Altogether 29,621 immigrants have arrived, 18,609 at ocean ports and 11,012 from the United States.

As compared with July of last year, the increase is 17 per cent. For July last year the figures are 16,019 at ocean ports and 9,199 Americans. For the four months of the current fiscal year arrivals at ocean ports numbered 127,925, and from the United States 54,814, making a total immigration from April to July inclusive of 182,739. The corresponding months last year gave 100,872 at ocean ports and 54,699 Americans, making a total of 155,571. A noticeable fact is that Ameri-

cans are finding Canada increasingly attractive.

Clearing Out Harpies.

The New York Medical Society has started in to rid the city of illegal medical practitioners who prey upon the public. Two persons were recently arraigned in court as a consequence. One termed herself "Counselor and Speaker of the Advanced New Thought Cult." A witness testified that she had sought this woman for a cure for pains in the back. She was told to repeat the formula: "God and myself, myself and God, God and myself" three times, and then swing the arms round in a circle. The formula was to be repeated daily and promptly at noon. A course in this and similar treatment was offered at \$25 a month.

Another fakir who was arraigned said that he could cure typhoid fever and infantile paralysis by manipulation of the spinal vertebrae.

Farmer's Fight with Lion.

To kill a mountain lion with only a jack-knife as a weapon is a task most men would shrink from. A farmer in Texas, however, performed that feat, after the lion had killed one of his children in their own home. His arm was so badly lacerated, however, that surgeons say he must lose it.

The farmer's three-year-old boy, thinking the lion was a dog, had called it into the house and started to pet it, when the ani-

mal attacked the children. Their screams brought the father from his fields, but the babe which had attempted to pet the beast had been killed before he arrived. The lion instantly left its prey, and in its first leap caught the father's right arm in its jaws and crushed it. He worked his left arm free, however, and succeeded in stabbing the beast to death after a desperate battle.

Greater London's Population.

The last census returns of the administrative County of London show a population of 4,522,961. The outer ring has 2,730,002, making a total for Greater London of 7,252,963. The area of the administrative county is 116.8 square miles. The area of Greater London, which includes all the parishes within eleven miles of Charing Cross, is 693 square miles. Thus within a space that less than 3,000 Canadian families live on (supposing them each to own a quarter section of prairie land) is crowded a population equal to that of the whole of this Dominion. That's crowding, if you like.

Demoralizing Sport.

The Lord's Day Alliance is protesting against Sunday auto racing at Montreal. The Secretary of the Alliance condemns it, not only on the ground that the law is being broken, but also because it is a highly dangerous sport. He says: "The racing game has outlived its usefulness. It has ceased to be racing and has be-

come instead, merely a morbid spectacle on which the crowd look for an accident. Two hundred chauffeurs have been killed since 1904; twenty-nine accidents occurred in the United States last year, and eighteen lives have been sacrificed so far this season. These races are run for money alone, and their profits are the price of blood."

Earl Grey's Farewell Words.

The address of Earl Grey at the opening of the Canadian National Exhibition was in the nature of a farewell. He urged the people of Ontario to guard well the heritage they possessed, intimating that greatness could not be achieved by pursuing a parsimonious policy towards education. In sounding a note of warning, he urged them to leave no stone unturned to keep out the slums, which would poison their cities. He also said it was their duty to make life in the country as pleasant as possible. His concluding words were as follows: "I am ambitious for Ontario, and I would beseech you on this last opportunity I shall have of addressing you to bring up your children in such a way as will enable the future historian to say that it was because of the high and disinterested ideals of the people of Ontario, because of their courage of faith, that the British Empire has been able to secure the blessings of law, freedom, and mercy throughout the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, and thus, fulfil its mission to the world."

Our Serial Story.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

BEING THE REMARKABLE LIFE STORY OF THE LATE MAJOR JACK STOKER.

WHAT THE GENERAL THOUGHT OF HIM.

The following message from The General was read at the graveside of this comrade:

"You meet to-day to mark and to mourn the loss of one of the bravest and loyalest Officers who ever fought in the ranks of The Salvation Army."

"I loved Major Stoker from the first. His genial look, and hearty words, and flowing wit, and above all his realization of God's great Salvation, together with his sympathy for the perishing people around him, attracted and captivated me."

"He was evidently a spiritual diamond in the rough—the beginning of a man after my own heart."

"He loved his General because his General loved and fought for the Salvation of the most hopeless and the worst, and for the same reason his General loved Stoker."

"All through the years that followed he never failed me. We have had many a hard struggle together. The harder the battle the readier Stoker ever was for the fight."

"He is a great loss to his General. Little did I expect to be called upon to part with him so soon."

"Had I foreseen his early departure I should have prized him more. He will be glad to meet me again on the Eternal Shore, and will not The General be delighted to meet Stoker once more?"

"Now, my comrades and friends, if the departure of our brother is a loss to The General, is it not also a loss to the Army—a serious loss indeed? Wherever the Salvation Colours fly Jack Stoker's name is known, and his work admired."

"Dug from out of the lowest depths of sin, misery, and despair, to which human nature can sink, he is felt to-day to have been not only one of the most glorious trophies of the Cross that The Army has ever known, but to have proved himself one of the most daring, self-sacrificing seekers for the souls of men and women that the Army has ever possessed."

"Your affectionate General,

"WILLIAM BOOTH."

CHAPTER I.

MOVING indeed is the story of the promoted Major's early life. At the age of ten he went to work in the coal mine. His mother grieved much about it. He seemed such a little lad to go down to work in the pit and was so sleepy when he came up that she had to fetch him from the pithead. When she got him home she would take him on her knee and wash him and put him to bed like a baby. But there were eight other children to be provided for, and as at that time his father drank all his earnings, Jack's small wages were a necessity to the household.

Jack's first work was to sit behind a door in the mine and pull it open by a string when a truck-driver desired to pass. It sounds monotonous. But he and the four or five other boys in his "flat" contrived to make life anything but dull. They stole the grown men's tobacco, they resorted to every known form of gambling, they learned to box and fight, and generally drank deep draughts of the knowledge of evil. The older lads taught them to fight, and these urchins overreached each other and stole one another's dinner without any teaching.

When he was promoted to

pony boy he acquired further knowledge. He learned how to run a pick into a pony to the best advantage. His view of the matter was that a "pony" was wicked and would get the better of you if it could. Wouldn't it run after a lad to bite and kick him? And who knew better than a pony just the narrow spot where, if it got in front of you and stood still, with the track between you and it, you could be kept prisoner for hours, and your wage depending upon your number of loads? Oh, a pony was an evil beast to young Jack's mind. Beside, wasn't he over the pony, just as the overman was over him? And used not his overman, once a week or thereabouts, to say to him solemnly:

"Bil-dot, come here. I'll knock you where a pound of candles'll never find you, and a box of salve'll never mend you!"

The only difference was that when the overman went too far with Jack, Mrs. Stoker came down with intent to pull his head off and break all his windows, while nobody ever seemed to think one could go too far with a "pony."

Later on, Jack changed places with the pony. He was set to "helping up." When he had grown older, and looked back at those days through the glamour of years, he was still of opinion, from his own experience, that "it

's surprisin' how bad you're tret at helpin' up. There's a big lad to push the truck in a shallow place where a pony can't go, and a little lad to help up. The little lads treated worse than a beast. He's kicked black and blue, and he's no chance to be good. We have to thank God that to some extent, at any-rate, such things have become matters of the past."

Five years after he went to work in his way we find a wonderful thing happening, wonderful in itself and almost more wonderful in its foreshadowing of the future. Matters had come to an ad pass at home through his father's drinking habits. Jack, whose native wit was of the keenest, sought a remedy. What had stopped other men drinking? He found going to chapel had in some instances done so. He must get it faster to chapel, he at once decided. He got him there. Jack's father got converted! Jack was delighted he had stopped drinking, but quarrelled with him because he had got religion also—this was going further than he had intended. Why should, for instance, his father make such a to-do because he brought a game-cock, bleeding from the fray, into the room where the minister was waiting for his Sunday dinner?

When a little over twenty Jack married a Northumbrian lassie, who made for him a bright, well-ordered Christian home, and while he did not come to understand much about religion himself, her influence held him from drinking or taking part in the rough life of his former companions.

In many points (it is said) she was a remarkable woman. One never thought of her as a girl, though she was only seventeen. She was fair-haired and stately, with a genius for ruling those about her, and ruling them well. She was the good angel of her own family and the Stokers received her as such, while to say that her husband worshipped her, but faintly expresses the position. He never thought of the public-house, once they were married. Far better hurry home, one's money intact, and watch Janie make the house beautiful with it! Janie liked to see him well dressed. So he bought suit after suit, and scrubbed the pit-black off as never before. Janie wanted him at home on Saturdays. And he would far rather watch Janie scrub than see the most exciting dog-fight the country could produce.

So things went on for ten happy months. One night Jack came home and tossed five golden sovereigns into Janie's lap. She fingered them admiringly, and praised him for bringing all his money home to her, and the evening wore on.

At half-past nine she said, suddenly, "Jack, pull the blind down."

Jack obeyed.

"Now open that drawer," said the queen of the household, pointing to one wherein, as he knew, lay folded her white woman's gear.

He opened it slowly, almost shyly, and from the clean, snowy garments piled in it he gave her out those she asked for, and she laid them on her lap.

"These clothes Jack dear," she said, "are the last I shall put on. Our time together's done, I've to go and leave you. It's been a happy ten months, Jack, but it's done."

He tried to laugh, to reassure himself, to argue with her. But

it was of no use. He declared that she was only nervous and timid. But nothing shook her steady conviction. That night they lay and talked of things far past and of things keenly present. Of things future they spoke not at all. The slow night wore on—a night so long, and yet so brief; and they counted the hours and spoke quickly. They talked as people talk who are not sure that they shall speak each other's language in eternity, and who know that time for one is done.

At five o'clock she said, "Now, Jack, fetch your mother." At six the doctor was laughing down their fears. At seven a white-faced man, who had made a blunder for which a life was paying forfeit, faltered out to Jack, "Your wife has only a few hours to live."

"Jack," said Janie's weak voice "I'll soon be in Heaven."

Jack only swore a fearful oath—not loud enough, he thought, to trouble her: only loud enough for God to understand that he hated Him. He meant to kill that doctor. But Janie need never know.

"Jack," said the voice again, "bring baby."

Jack lifted in his arms for the first time the wee bundle which he was to carry many a weary mile of earth-life, and held it down before Janie's tired eyes.

Janie inspected it. "She's just like Jesus," she pronounced. "I've seen Jesus, and baby is like Him."

Jack groaned. "O God," prayed his father, in a corner, "you love Your children! Spare this precious lass!"

"Come away, Jack," said his mother, laying a hand on his head, as she saw Janie's eyes fixed on his face, drawn and convulsed with grief and rage. "Come away, and let her die happy."

But Janie put out a feeble, daintily hand. "No; I've only a few yards to go. Let him stay by me till the end."

And in a few minutes the tired eyes closed on earth. The purposeless confusion of sorrow in the cottage room was stilled by a white presence which made a hush round about it, and Jack Stoker stood alone, defiant, wretched with a wretchedness words cannot express, vowing vengeance against the doctor who, it appeared to him, had murdered his wife, and the God who had let him do it.

In New England (America) the two essentials for a village are a "meeting-house" and a school. In Northumberland a village is formed of a pit-head and a pub. All around Blyth, on the inland flats, cluster little dots of hamlets thus scantily formed—more names tacked to a great unseen, underground labyrinth, opening somewhere in the wide, level, sterile lands—Seaton Delaval, New Delaval, Hartley, etc.

Horton Church lies some two miles from Seaton Delaval, along a lane-road through fields, now damp and brown and sodden under the February mists. June lay green on the land when Janie Stoker's funeral train jogged slowly along its uneven way, and left her under the heaped earth of the unkempt churchyard, where graves straggled close up under the shadow of the square tower. It was a weary, roundabout way they went to lay her in consecrated ground. But no church stood nearer, and its far-offness was but typical of the

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PERSON

His Excellency General paid a visit to our Rosedale to a few days ago for service girls. Lay was absent from a meeting, left a message, very pleased to have seen.

The Chief Secretary, thank, and the sincerely, the friends and him so sympathetic connection with. In expressing God for his Secretary is many prayer up on his behalf in the letter received, and believes God.

Colonel I Army's Em in Britain, the "Virgin" was delayed the great s Land.

The Field that a far take place

Colonel the Harve the Toron September court on

Brigadi are book for Eng leaving p

Ensign ing to Ca a party on August of Brita

Brigad North-V ten to saying and Ju have r Army C liee Co mornin (Toron Chief tives t whom by the be pr such n well, that t over f

Brig real, N.B. Myler now rece

W Raw after acco whi ing peo

M of also we

PERSONALITIES.

Walking with God.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

... IMPORTANT ORDER. ...

His Excellency the Governor-General paid an unexpected visit to our Rosedale Lodge in Toronto a few days ago. This is a home for service girls. Mrs. Maj. Findlay was absent attending a special meeting, but His Lordship left a message to say that he was very pleased indeed with all he had seen.

The Chief Secretary desires to thank, and that very heartily and sincerely, the many comrades and friends who have written him so sympathetically in connection with his recent illness. In expressing his gratitude to God for his recovery, the Chief Secretary is conscious of the many prayers which have gone up on his behalf, as mentioned in the letters which he has received, and which he fully believes God has answered.

Colonel Lamb, head of the Army's Emigration Department in Britain, sailed for Canada on the "Virginian" on Aug. 25th. He was delayed one week owing to the great strike in the Mother-Land.

The Field Secretary informs us that a farewell of Officers is to take place on Sunday, Oct. 8th.

Colonel Gaskin will conduct the Harvest Festival services at the Toronto Temple on Sunday, September 17th, and at Earlscourt on the following Sunday.

Brigadier and Mrs. Hamments are booked to sail from Canada for England on the "Meganic," leaving port on September 4th.

Ensign Jessie Raven is returning to Canada from England with a party of domestics. They sailed on August 29th on the "Empress of Britain."

Brigadier Burdill, of the North-West Province, has written to Lieut.-Colonel Pugnaire saying that the Chief of Police and Judge Walker of Winnipeg have made arrangements for Army Officers to attend the Police Court in that city every morning in future, as is done in Toronto and other centres. The Chief will give our representatives the names of prisoners whom he thinks can be helped by the Army, and a room will be provided for interviewing such persons. Then, if all goes well, the Chief will recommend that the prisoners be handed over to the Army.

Brigadier Hargrave, of Montreal, Brigadier Adby of St. John, N.B., and Staff-Captain Charles Myles, an old Canadian Officer, now of the U. S. Field, have been recent visitors to T. H. Q.

We were glad to see Brigadier Rawling at T. H. Q. this week, after several weeks' absence on account of a leg trouble from which the Brigadier is recovering as speedily as could be expected.

Major and Mrs. Edwy White, of Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., were also at the Territorial hub this week for a visit.

Holiness is not only a state but a way, and not only a way, but a highway, wherein the redeemed are to walk; and walking along that highway we shall always have Christ at our side.



E get into the highway of holiness by a definite act of consecration and faith, and walk upon that highway by continuous surrender and trust. Christ is the door, and He is the way. Walking with Him, we shall grow more and more unworldly and heavenly-minded, more transformed, more like Christ, until our very faces shall be radiant with Divine glory. As with Moses, who "wist not that the skin of his face shone" with the reflected radiance which it had received when he was in the presence of Jehovah, so from those who walk with God there emanates an unconscious influence which makes the ungodly tremble before them as Satan in "Paradise Lost," when he saw the sinless pair in Eden "trembled to behold how awful goodness is."

When the old Hebrews wanted to describe a man who reached their ideal in religious life, they used the simple but comprehensive phrase, "he walked with God." To them there was nothing higher than unbroken and unclouded communion with their Maker. That was, in their view, the secret of all holiness, and the New Testament has nothing higher than that to reveal. "We all with unveiled face beholding, as in a mirror, the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image." When we sit before the camera, and have our portraits taken, our picture is printed on the prepared glass; but when we behold and continue to behold the image of Christ we become the camera, and His image is printed on our souls. The teaching is, that we become like those with whom we keep company.

"We say we exchange words when we meet," says Professor Drummond; "what we exchange is souls. And when our intercourse is close, and very frequent, so complete is this exchange that recognizable bits of the one soul begin to show in the other's nature, and the second is conscious of a similar and growing debt to the first. This mysterious approximating of two souls, who has not witnessed? Who has not watched some old couple come down life's pilgrimage hand in hand with such gentle trust in one another that their very faces wore the self-same look? These were not two souls, it was a composite soul. Half a century's companionship had told upon them, they were changed into the same image." What glorious possibilities are here suggested to those whom God hides in the secret of His presence. Who can think mean thoughts, or speak ungenerous words, in the presence of Christ? His mere presence must suggest immediately the right thing in the controlling of passion, the subduing of pride, and the overcoming of selfishness. In His company who could help but always be at his best, and if this influence is perpetuated, what could not life become? Walking with God implies at least three things:

I. Companionship.

We could hardly be said to walk with a person without a distinct sense of that person's presence. Was not this our Lord's promise to His disciples (John xiv.: 21-24), and which Jude did not understand when he said, "Lord, how is it Thou wilt manifest Thyself to us and not unto the world?" It was altogether incomprehensible to them at the time, but afterwards they knew by blessed experience that He meant a real personal revelation of Himself, such as fills up the measure of the soul's need — a manifestation such as only the divinely illuminated soul can understand. Not a manifestation to our bodily senses; that would be impossible. God is a Spirit. Nor is it an intellectual revelation to perceptive reason. It is a manifestation to the inner consciousness of the believing heart, so that the Divine presence is as real as the sense of the presence of any human being. Christ becomes more really present than if we could touch Him, or hear His loving human voice; forming a companionship more intimate, sweet, and enduring, than that of any earthly relationship, sweeter than that of friend with friend, of father and son, of mother and child. Such communion is independent of matter or space or time, it is a fellowship of spirit; as is all true friendship, all love human or divine.

Mr. Spurgeon once said that he never passed a single quarter of an hour in his waking moments without a distinct consciousness of the presence of the Lord. How much better this spiritual presence than a bodily presence could be? A body is subject to locality, space, and time, but now we can all have Him. He is able to be with all men always, everywhere, at the same time, even unto the end of the world. A late writer represents Christ as saying, as He stood by the inconsolable sisters of Bethany, "If I had been away from the body, I should have been present when Lazarus died." It was expedient that the bodily presence should be withdrawn, that everywhere He could come and go like the noiseless, invisible wind overblowing the wide world over wheresoever He listeth. A present personal Christ solves every difficulty, and meets every requirement of Christian experience. We are not surprised that this "Companionship of the Presence" has been described as "the secrets of secrets of the Christian life." We were outer court worshippers before, but this is entering into the inner court. In this experience we know Him.

"More present to Faith's vision
Than any earth vision seen;
More near, more intimately
Than any other earthly tie."

(To be continued.)

Adj. and Mrs. Knight are fawelling from Petrolea. Their new appointment is Chatham, Ont.

1. In a short time the Electors of the Dominion will be called upon to choose representatives for Parliament.

2. It is, therefore, the duty of all Salvationists to pray that only those may be chosen for the Legislature who will so discharge their obligations as to best meet the moral and social needs of the people, promote the glory of God, the cause of peace, and the highest prosperity of all classes in the nation.

3. It must be a source of sorrow that the election of our lawmakers should so often be marred by the employment of objectionable methods and the display of such a spirit of uncharitable controversy and recrimination as to make it impossible for them to take any part whatever in the public discussion of the questions submitted to the judgment of the people.

4. Salvation Soldiers of all grades should therefore beware of these and other dangers, and watch and pray against that spirit of political warfare which creates barriers calculated seriously to interfere with the accomplishment of their greater business and higher calling — namely, the salvation of the people through the love of Christ.

5. Salvation Soldiers who are qualified to vote are, of course, free to exercise their prerogative according to the dictates of their own judgment after earnest prayer to God for guidance.

6. It is contrary to "Orders and Regulations," and to the Constitution of The Army, to permit Halls, Bands, Banners, or other property belonging to The Army, to be used for political purposes of any kind.

(Signed.) DAVID M. REES,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
August 4th, 1911.

Captain and Mrs. Bunton are having good times at their new appointment, St. John I. N.B.; as are Captain and Mrs. Beattie at Moncton.

Captain and Mrs. Townsend were at T. H. Q. recently. Both the Captain and his wife are regaining strength, but they will not be able to take an appointment for several weeks yet.

We regret to hear that Captain Ethel Adams, of the Women's Social Department at T. H. Q. is quite ill. Pray that she may be speedily restored.

Mrs. Staff-Captain White, who for the last four months has been in very indifferent health, is, we are glad to say, now very much better.

Wilfred Creighton, son of Maj. David Creighton of T. H. Q., has successfully passed his matriculation examination, and has secured his certificate of entrance to the University. During the time that the Fresh-Air Camp was in operation, Wilfred gave valuable assistance to Adj. Harkirk, the resident manager.

Mrs. Creighton has just returned from a furlough at the Major's home in New Brunswick.

GAZETTE.

Promotion:

Captain Maggie Andrews, to be Ensign.

DAVID M. REES,
Commissioner.

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Ireland, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications relating to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S.A. Temple, Toronto. All matters relating to subscriptions, deposits and change of address, to the Trade Secretary. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to the Salvation Army.

THE COMING CONGRESS.

In the course of a few weeks the greater number of the Canadian Staff and Field Officers will be met together in Congress at Toronto under circumstances that are calculated greatly to enhance the interest and blessing that invariably attends these gatherings. To begin with, it will be the first Canadian Annual Congress—during this term of office—held by our present beloved Leaders, an occurrence which we are sure will stimulate all to pray and to do in order that the Congress may not only prove a time of great spiritual happiness and inspiration to our comrades, but that it may be a season of great encouragement to our Leaders. Again, the Commissioner has made innovations and arrangements for the personal comfort and well being of the visiting comrades, which cannot help but be conducive to greater spiritual enjoyment of the Councils. Then of course the visit of Mrs. Booth will be an event of the first importance, and her utterances in the public meetings and her addresses to the Officers will be privileges which our Canadian comrades are not slow to appreciate so that humanly speaking there are a great many things to lend additional interest and help in connection with the coming Congress. Now, while this is all as it should be we want all our readers to make these meetings a matter for very special prayer. The Officers have already received letters from the Commissioner asking them for heart preparation and prayer, so that these Councils may bring forth such an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit that they will mark a new era in the Canadian Salvation War, but we, through the Cry, also ask our soldiers and friends to unite in prayer that God may, through His Holy Spirit, so inspire and direct the efforts put forth at this Congress, and so to lead the attending Officers to prepare their hearts, and to attain their wills in harmony with the Mind of our Heavenly Father that the greatest possible good may result from the assembling together of the Officers in Council next October.



WHAT DO YOU READ?

There is not much spiritual or mental nourishment in most of the printed matter of to-day. If you would be strong in the Lord, read strong-holding matter.

The Governor-General

Receives a deputation from The Salvation Army, and expresses great admiration for the work of the organization.

THE recent visit to Toronto of His Excellency Earl Grey was, by the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary, on behalf of The Salvation Army forces in the Dominion, made the occasion for an expression of appreciation of His Excellency's friendship for and service to The Salvation Army in this country.

It is generally understood that in all probability this will be the last visit of His Lordship to the Queen City, and it being ascertained that a farewell letter from The Salvation Army would be appreciated by the Governor-General, the following brief address was prepared, and last Wednesday morning His Excellency received at Government House a deputation consisting of the Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, and Colonels Gaskin, Pugmire, and Turner.

The Governor-General received the deputation with his accustomed urbanity and kindness, and the Chief Secretary who had on previous occasions met His Excellency, introduced the Commissioner and the party, and then read the letter containing the sentiments of The Salvation Army in Canada towards its illustrious Governor-General, and Lady Grey:

His Excellency the Right Honourable the Earl Grey, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada:

May it please Your Excellency—

Permit us, on behalf of The Salvation Army, to say that feelings of deep and sincere respect impel us to address you on the eve of your departure from our Fair Dominion.

Salvationists in general, and

Salvation Army Officers in particular, very heartily respond to the kindly words and friendly sentiments given expression to regarding your occupancy of the position of Governor-General of Canada at this time by the daily press, and also by people representing not only different shades of political opinion, but also the various walks of life.



Earl Grey.

It must afford Your Excellency some measure of satisfaction to know that your efforts to promote the best interests of the people and the highest good of the nation have been so successful and so freely and widely appreciated.

We have from time to time been profoundly impressed by your frequent appreciative and

cordial references to our work during your term. Moreover, your well known interest in us and our work has stood before the public for more than we could estimate, and has served as the inspiration for many of our undertakings.

We have followed, with admiration and interest, your journeyings to and fro throughout our vast Dominion, and especially your tour of the far West and Hudson Bay region, and, in common with the citizens of Canada, have felt that your knowledge of Canadian conditions and resources was acquired by long and exhaustive travels and is the result of personal observation and experience.

The onward march of Canada during your residence amongst us has been of such proportions that historians will suitably address themselves to it in years to come, and it will, doubtless, afford you pleasure to know that The Salvation Army has succeeded in its endeavour to keep abreast of the times, and in the forefront of every work that tends to help the nation upward, and that its standing and prospects are in keeping with the country's prosperous condition.

May it also please Your Excellency to accept the good wishes of all connected with our organization for a future that holds the realization and fulfillment of your fondest hopes and the consummation of highest ideals.

Permit us to wish for yourself and Her Excellency Lady Grey, and members of your family a full measure of Divine blessing in the responsibilities which you and they will surely be called to assume on your return to the Home Land.

We are, Dear Sir,

Yours most respectfully,
DAVID M. REES,

Commissioner.

HENRY W. MAPP,

Chief Secretary.

(On behalf of The Salvation Army Forces in the Dominion of Canada.)

August 30, 1911.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

The Commissioner in Toronto.

The COMMISSIONER conducts the Marriage of Ensign Stitt and Captain Gofield at the Temple.

A CHARMING WEDDING CEREMONY.

INTENSE interest was shown in an event which took place in the Toronto Temple on the evening of Monday, August 28th. It was the wedding of Ensign Fitz William Stitt, of Territorial Headquarters, and Captain Clara Bell Gofield, of the Training College Staff.

The ceremony was conducted by The Commissioner, and proved in spirit and interest to be delightful. It was free without being frivolous, and earnest without dullness.

Unfavourable weather did not in the least dampen the ardour of Toronto Salvationists and others, and the Temple gallery included, was packed. A number of the friends of the bride and bridegroom were present.

In the very front seat sat a number of the lads belonging to the T. Y. P. Band (of which the Ensign is Bandmaster) and in the very last row sat several boy scouts.

The platform, upon which, of course, all eyes were centred from start to finish of the service, was gay with the silver instruments and uniforms of the Staff and Temple Bands, while seated in the front row, were the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Mapp, Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, and various Heads of Departments at T.H.Q. who assisted the Commissioner.

During the playing of a stirring march by the united Bands, the wedding party entered. Instantly, of course, the two young Officers, who looked very neat and becoming in their uniform became the cynosure of all eyes—they stood the ordeal well! Captain Jennie Halpenny and Sister M. Donner assisted the bride, while Captain Ernest Pugmire supported the bridegroom.

The Chief Secretary was greeted with a spontaneous hand-clap when he stepped forward to line out the opening song. His return to the front of the battle after so serious a breakdown gave evident pleasure to the audience.

Following the earnest prayers of Brigadier Bond and Mrs. Col. Mapp for the blessing of Him Who once and for all gave His sanction to the marriage order by His presence at the wedding feast in Cana, the Temple Band rendered, with its customary precision, good taste, and dash, the "Rock II." selection. Then Brigadier Morehen read a portion of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Colonel Jacobs, of International Headquarters, being called upon to speak—as representing that centre of Salvationism and the parents of Ensign Stitt—made the interesting announcement that in the coming November he and Mrs. Jacobs would (D.V.) celebrate their silver wedding. Just now they were enjoying Canada to the full, but suffering from a complaint which (said the Colonel) is known in

the south of England as the "F. Q. T.—the flight of time!" Wishing the Ensign and Captain long life and a successful career in the Army, the Colonel sat down to make way for Mrs. Jacobs, whose motherly words were listened to with great attention. Her daughter, Captain Bella, and one of the Officer-sisters of Ensign Stitt were, she said, trained in the same session at Clifton, and became Sergeants together. On that account she felt more closely in touch with the Ensign. Major Miller, with whom the bridegroom has been associated ever since his coming to Toronto, testified to the worth of his co-worker, and then the Staff Band Male Choir gave a spirited song.

In asking the Chief Secretary to speak, the Commissioner said that he was deeply thankful to God for restoring to the Colonel the measure of health he at present enjoys. The Colonel, too, with evident emotion, voiced his gratitude to God for His goodness. He then humorously remarked that to-night's service would afford him pointers for another similar service which he was to conduct in a few weeks' time. There was no need for more comment, for the "best man" was trying hard to conceal his smiles. The Colonel made sympathetic reference to the absent parents of both parties—the Ensign's and the Captain's—and then told what he had heard of the Ensign over in England, and what he knew of him personally. Brigadier Taylor, being unable to be present to speak on behalf of Captain Gofield, the Colonel "filled in" splendidly with a high tribute to her work and worth. In closing he passed on to the contracting parties this text: "In all thy ways acknow-

ledge Him (God) and He shall direct thy path."

An offering was then taken up, and the Staff Band (of which the Ensign is a member) played the "Happy Day" selection, after which Lieut.-Col. Pugmire read a number of congratulatory telegrams and letters. Colonel and Mrs. Stitt, Treasurer and Mrs. Gofield, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stitt, Rev. and Mrs. Stitt, Brig. Rawling, Majors Green and Morris, and other Officers being represented. Then came the actual ceremony. The Commissioner first of all stated that he was present at the wedding of the bridegroom's parents, also that he (the Ensign) was the fourth of a little session of young men who together went from International Headquarters into the Training College, that he (the Commissioner) has married. Referring to the Ensign's desire that his wedding should be a spiritual one, the Commissioner said that on the day of his own marriage over three hundred persons knelt at the mercy-seat. A similar seal was desired that night.

Amid intense silence the Commissioner read the Articles of Marriage, the two Officers stepped forward, and with the Blood and Fire Flag drooping over them, the unbreakable knot was tied. Immediately after a solemn dedicatory prayer by the Commissioner, "Mrs. Ensign Stitt" rose to address the audience, which the Commissioner himself led in round upon round of cheers. The Ensign himself was just as heartily acclaimed. Both gave splendid testimonies to the goodness of God, to the labours of loving parents, and to joy in the Salvation War.

The Commissioner, in closing, made an appeal for consecrations, and although no public surrenders were made, it is certain that many hearts again looked up to God and vowed afresh to Him whose name was rightly praised in the closing song, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

THE COMMISSIONER at Lisgar Street.

A SHADOW O'ER THE CORPS—BANDMASTER HART SERIOUSLY ILL—BIG STORM UPSE'S AFTERNOON MEETING—TRIUMPHANT FINISH AT NIGHT—FIVE SOULS.



SHADOW suddenly fell upon the Lisgar St. Corps on Sunday, August 27th. It was the shadow of sickness. Early that morning Bandmaster Hart had been stricken with appendicitis, necessitating a hurried removal to the hospital for an operation. Then it was learned that his condition was far more serious than had been suspected, and as the day wore on his comrades of the Corps received the further depressing news that he was hovering between life and death and had only a slim chance of recovery.

In the Holiness Meeting the Commissioner called the Corps to prayer over the matter. "Our first thought is for our brother who has so suddenly been taken from us," he prayed. "Grant that he may be restored to us, to

continue his useful work in this neighbourhood for many years." From all over the tent came fervent "Amen's!" The congregation was deeply moved. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Turner and Major Atwell also led in prayer. After a Bible reading by Major Findlay, a visitor from the Old Country, Brigadier Hamments, was called upon to speak. Referring to the Bandmaster, he said that in such hours of trial it was good for him to have the realization that God was with him. Then, going on to give his own testimony, the Brigadier said that his own realization of the continual presence of God with him had moulded and formed his character and at all times determined his actions.

Adjutant Mrs. Walters then had a few words of personal testimony, the Commissioner remarking that a holiness meet-

ing in which the sisters did not take part was like a rice pudding minus the eggs and milk—rather a dry affair.

Under the baton of Brigadier Morris the Band then rendered a selection. A solo from Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire followed, and then the Commissioner devoted the rest of the time to a plain and practical exposition of holiness. "The worldliness of many professing followers of Christ has caused me many tears," he said. "This love of the world, of its fashions, and its pleasures, is nothing else but the outward sign that unbridled sin exists in the heart."

Irritability and outbursts of temper were other sins that the Commissioner deplored. He concluded by making a plea for people to surrender wholly to God, and the meeting was brought to a close by a general consecration.

The afternoon meeting was marred somewhat by a terrific storm. The thunder crashed and pealed, and the hail beat loudly on the roof of the tent, making it impossible for the Commissioner's voice to be heard. The Band came to the rescue therefore and played till the fury of the storm was spent. Previous to the elemental disturbances, however, the Commissioner dedicated the child of Bandsman and Mrs. Perrell.

A splendid open-air was held in the evening opposite the Gladstone Hotel. The Band and Soldiers were out in full force, and a large crowd surrounded the ring. By 7 p.m. the tent was packed, and numbers who could not gain admittance stood around outside. The meeting went with a swing. After the congregational song and prayer by Sister Leonard song and prayer by Sister the Songster Brigade, under the leadership of Bandsman Perrell, rendered a splendid selection. The chorus was taken up by the audience and sung again and again till the words burned themselves into the memory. They were as follows: "Jesus' love is just the same to-day."

As it was upon dark Calvary: Every burden He will take away, If you call upon His Name, He will set you free."

This made a good impression, which was followed up by the reading of the Parable of the Lost Sheep by Adj. Mrs. Walters.

Brigadier Poller then gave a short address. He was especially moved by the news about Bandmaster Hart, he said, for he was an old comrade of his. His mind went back to the days when they laboured together in the Japanese capital, Tokio. He (the Brigadier) was the sick man then, and never would he forget Hart's kindness to him. He prayed that God would graciously restore the Bandmaster. A short message to the converted bidding them seek God before sickness and death overtook them, concluded the Brigadier's address. "The Saviour at the Door" was the title of the selection now played by the Band. Then Adjutant Cornish gave an account of what passed between

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

From the Thick of the Fight.

These Reports show what is being accomplished at the Corps. Read them.

COL. AND MRS. CHANDLER - AT WINGHAM

Dedication Service Held.

Wingham Corps was favoured with the presence of Colonel and Mrs. Chandler on Saturday and Sunday, August 20th.

On Saturday night, after the open-air band proceeded to the station, and as the train pulled in welcomed the D. C.'s with their music. Marching to the Hall, where a welcome tea had been made ready by the Sisters, the Colonel and Mrs. Chandler sat down with the comrades to enjoy the good things prepared. This being over, they both spoke to the comrades words of inspiration and profit, which, judging from the attention given, went home to every heart.

Sunday morning after an open-air the Colonel went to the Methodist Church, which, by the kindness of the pastor was handed over to the Army, and spoke forcibly from the text "Philip preached Christ."

The afternoon's service took the form of a dedication service, when the infant son of Secretary and Mrs. Simmons was given to the Lord.

At night a good meeting was held. Mrs. Chandler spoke and sang. The Colonel's message was powerfully given. At the close of the meeting two hands were raised for prayer. Crowds and finances good all day. The Corps feels much encouraged and strengthened by the visit of their D. C.'s.—J. T. Gillingham. C. O.

LOCALS CAMPAIGN - AT RIVERDALE

In the absence of Adj. and Mrs. Byers the meetings are in charge of responsible locals. Sunday, Aug. 27th, the Band was in command. Holiness meeting, led by Captain (Bandmaster) Myers. In the afternoon Envoy Brewer Brown presided over a musical service. The Band rendered several of the latest selections. "Ocean," "Happy in the Lord," "Rock II." and "Liberty" march. Bandsman J. Wooddyer gave a monster bass solo, and proved himself to be a real artist on that instrument. Sergt. Major Bradley spoke. At night Brigadier and Mrs. Hammonds from London, Eng., were at the helm. They were given a hearty welcome to Riverdale. At the close of the Brigadier's address two souls volunteered for Christ.

BAND TO VISIT FRENCH CORPS

Montreal IV.—On Sunday the meetings were conducted by our own Officers. One sister found salvation. She has attended every meeting since, and is doing fine. We are going with the Band (which totals 14 instead of 12 as our last report stated) to give our French comrades a musical treat.—J. W. M. C.

A REAL REVIVAL AT HAMILTON III.

Read this remarkable account of Salvation progress:

During the last year (says Capt. Beecroft) a steady revival has been in progress at Hamilton III. Corps, and God has wonderfully manifested Himself.

During the summer of 1910 it was a difficult thing to get ten persons at the open-air meeting on Sunday, and it was a common occurrence to see the Army turn out four strong. Our finances were another problem which amounted to 87 per week, including soldier cartridges. In fact, to use words of the "man in the street": The Salvation Army was a by-word in the east end of Hamilton. Thank God for the great change that has taken place. Our standing to-day is truly remarkable. The soldiers' roll has risen from 32 to 70, and we have a brass band of 19 sanctified musicians, and a songster brigade with 20 loyal hearted members, and our march on Sunday night is generally made up of 35 or 40. We have no difficulty in getting 15 or 20 soldiers to our week night open-air. We have just trebled the income of a year ago, and last but not least, we have a Sunday School with an attendance of 40. This is quite a new venture. We are well organized, and what once was a by-word has proven by God's blessing a mighty power for good to the people in the community in which we work. The secret: (1) Common sense methods; (2) Hard work; (3) Mighty faith in God. (4) Believing prayer and steadfastness.

WELCOME TO NEW OFFICERS

Ingersoll.—Our new Officers, Captain and Mrs. Richardson, took charge on Saturday night. Crowds were good, also finances. On Sunday night two souls came to the mercy-seat, and on Tuesday night another soul got right with God.

Cranbrook, B.C.—Although we have not been able to draw many inside, we have had splendid crowds in the open-air. They pay splendid attention to us, and are ably assisting financially. Lieut. Slide is leading on. We have much pleasure in welcoming three more comrades from Fernie, amongst them being Deputy Bandmaster Ratcliffe.—E. Smith.

New Chelsea, T.R.—On Sunday afternoon, August 13th, one soul sought salvation. At night, when Ensign James was here, three more souls gave God their hearts. Lieut. Saint is leading on.—Sister Mrs. L. Buckler.

SPECIALS AT TILLSONBURG.

On Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 5th and 6th, Captain Turner of the Divisional Headquarters at London conducted the meetings here. Corps-Cadet Johnson of Hespeler also was here, and assisted the Captain with her singing. Quite a number of people listened to the open-air meeting on Saturday evening. On Sunday evening a good crowd of people came to the Hall and listened to the Captain's talk. We had a good prayer meeting at the close of the service and saw conviction stamped on many faces, but no one came forward.

Corps-Cadet Johnson stayed over for the following week-end and we enjoyed her singing very much. The largest crowd that has attended an open-air meeting here for a considerable time listened to the Cadet's singing on Saturday evening. On Sunday evening our Hall was filled with people.

Finances for both week-ends were excellent, and we extend an invitation to the Captain and the Cadet to visit us again.

The C. O., Captain Wales, has gone away on her furlough, and Captain Lockell has come to take charge.—F. C. D., Treasurer.

CHANGES AT WYCHWOOD.

After thirteen months' stay, Captain and Mrs. Beattie have said good-bye to Wychwood Corps. On their farewell Sunday three men came to the mercy-seat. The final farewell was on Wednesday, when an ice-cream social was held. An address from the Corps, signed by the local Officers, was read and presented to the Captains. The Band marched from the Hall to the Quarters, one six-foot brother carrying the Captain on his shoulders.

Our new Officer, Adj. Martin, has now been welcomed.—War Cry Correspondent.

SURRENDER OF SEVEN SOULS

Visitors Conduct Meetings

Pictou, N.S.—There was a shout in the camp on Sunday night over the surrender of seven souls, making eleven souls since last report. We had Ensign Noble of the U. S. A. for a recent week-end, and comrades from Westville and Stellarton each gave us a week. We also had a musical service in which the Officers of the four Corps of Pictou County took part, assisted by Ensign Noble. During the absence of Captain Clayton, who is on furlough, we are being led on by Lieut. Phillips.—Warrior.

MUSIC FROM BOTTLES.

Stellarton, N.S.—On Friday evening a very interesting programme was given by Ensign Noble of the American Field, and Officers from New Glasgow, Westville, and Pictou. The meeting largely consisted of songs, recitations, instrumental selections, and readings. The selection on the bottles by the Ensign was greatly enjoyed. Fifteen dollars was realized.—Faith.

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

Had Done Over Twenty Years Service.

Barrie.—We had Major and Mrs. Green with us for the week-end, and all the meetings were attended with much blessing to the exceptionally large crowds. In the afternoon a comrade was enrolled under the Blood and Fire Flag. Out of a congregation of eighty souls twenty-five per cent. of them were Salvation soldiers of 20 years' standing and over, two of them being able to boast of sixty years' service for the Master and still saved!

From 2 to 3 o'clock a service at the County Jail was conducted by Mrs. Major Green, Mrs. Major Moore, and three of the comrades. The prisoners paid wraps attention, and joined heartily in the singing. One of them is determined to serve God and lead a new life, and we shall therefore watch for him when his fetters are loosed.

The Major delivered a powerful address at night, and three seekers found salvation. The Major was accompanied on the platform by Mrs. Green, Mrs. Major Moore, Adjutant and Mrs. Burton, Captain Elrich, and Lt. Speller. We have just welcomed the latter two Officers. The Lieutenant will be a great help as a musician.

Collections are coming up, and interest in our work is reviving in the town.—M. A. Corr.

ENVOYS VISIT WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Woodstock, Ont.—We have had with us Envoy and Mrs. Hancock of London, Ont. They conducted the week-end meetings, which were all enjoyed very much. The Envoy met some comrades whom he knew in the Old Land, and they certainly had a good time fighting together here on Sunday. The Sunday before the Envoy's son was with us, and helped the Band. The crowds and finances were good. Three souls knelt at the Cross.

Death has again come to our Corps, and took the infant twin son of Ben and Sis. Ball. Little Johnny was about three months old, but will be missed. We pray for the bereaved parents.—R.G.

FEVERSHAM NEWS.

The Feversham Corps is justly proud of their trim little building, and so on Sunday, August 13th, a good crowd came to welcome Ensign Plant, an old officer who was stationed here when the present building was erected. Bro. Battersby of Toronto furnished music on the cornet. Sisters Osborne and Buckingham sang sweetly a duet which had just the right swing to make things move in the right direction. Capt. Jones led the testimony meeting, and then came the reading of God's word. An appeal for a stricter observance of the Sabbath day in and around our village is needed, and his remarks on evil speaking and other evil habits will be remembered, we hope, to the everlasting good of those concerned.—Sunny Jim.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

(Continued from page 8.)

The Governor-General expressed himself as being deeply touched by the sentiments of the address, for which he thanked the deputation most warmly and for about three-quarters of an hour conversed with our comrades, and was most outspoken in his appreciation of The Salvation Army for the work it is doing amongst the classes which call for the assistance and care of the community. A most necessary service, he declared, is being rendered to municipalities and governments, and he stated that he would do all that lay in his power to advance the welfare of the great Salvation Army wherever he might be. The disinterested enthusiasm and unwearied zeal of the Salvationists appealed to him very much.

The view that His Excellency takes of The Salvation Army's work is very well indicated by the following paragraph taken from a newspaper report of a function in which Earl Grey took part a few hours later: "Perhaps in all the magnificent work of The Salvation Army there is nothing greater than the work that will be done in this building," said Earl Grey, in his address at the laying of the cornerstone of the Alexandra branch of the Y. W. C. A. at the corner of Casimir avenue and St. Patrick street this morning. "The work of The Salvation Army that brings into comparison," said the Governor-General, "is that meeting emigrants at the Atlantic ports, caring for them, and aiding them to find employment."

UNITED UNDER THE FLAG

Ensign Meeks and Lieut. Reeves Join Forces.

—See photo on page 13.

What has not happened in New Glasgow for some time—a wedding—occurred on Aug. 7, when Major J. S. McLean united in bonds of matrimony Lieut. E. Reeves to Ensign T. J. Meeks. There was certainly a delightful sight right through the whole service and to say that the bridegroom looked smilingly happy only a mild way of speaking. The various addresses were seasoned with the most delightful flavor, and everything went with a humour.

Captain R. Penfold supported the groom and gave a splendid address. Ensign Jessie Mc (bridesmaid) made a nice, little speech on behalf of the bride, and made particular reference in regard to her character and life while stationed at Glasgow, which undoubtedly could be voiced by all present. The Ensign will no doubt her assistant very much.

Captain Hurd of Westville spoke on behalf of the people, and Captain Clayton of Pictou on behalf of the folks. Envoy Gerow spoke on behalf of Halifax II., and the Ensign—and Mrs. Meeks good welcome and receipt on behalf of the Corps, and reference to the example Reeves had been to the soldiers and friends around her.

It is the wish of the New Glasgow Corps that God will bless Ensign and Mrs. Meeks ever—they go, and that their future may be strewn with blessings.—Sunshine.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Col. and Mrs. Jacobs

THE COMMISSIONER IN TORONTO.

(Continued from page 8.)

SPEND A DAY AT AN OLD BATTLEGROUND, TORONTO TEMPLE.

SPLENDID TIMES ARE EXPERIENCED.



The Governor-General expressed himself as being deeply touched by the sentiments of the address, for which he thanked the deputation most warmly and for about three-quarters of an hour conversed with our comrades, and was most outspoken in his appreciation of The Salvation Army for the work it is doing amongst the classes which call for the assistance and care of the community. A most necessary service, he declared, is being rendered to municipalities and governments, and he stated that he would do all that lay in his power to advance the welfare of the great Salvation Army wherever he might be. The disinterested enthusiasm and unwearied zeal of the Salvationists appealed to him very much. The view that His Excellency takes of The Salvation Army's work is very well indicated by the following paragraph taken from a newspaper report of a function in which Earl Grey took part a few hours later: "Perhaps in all the magnificent work of The Salvation Army there is nothing greater than the work that will be done in this building," said Earl Grey, in his address at the laying of the corner stone of the Alexandra branch of the Y. W. C. A. at the corner of Casimir avenue and St. Patrick street this morning. "The work of The Salvation Army that I bring into comparison," said the Governor-General, "is that of meeting emigrants at the Atlantic ports, caring for them, and aiding them to find employment."

On Sunday last the soldiers and friends of the Temple Corps were privileged to have a visit from two highly esteemed comrades, Col. and Mrs. Jacobs of London, Eng., and whilom, Chief Secretary of Canada.

The Field Secretary, Col. Gaskin, piloted the meetings, in which Brigadier Bond, Major Creighton, and others took part. The auditorium was almost full at the Holiness Meeting, and Colonel Gaskin in introducing Colonel Jacobs, paid an eloquent tribute to his worth and character. The Field Secretary had spent over eight years by the side of Col. Jacobs, and had found him to be a man of intense humanity, well versed in the Bible, full of wholesome humour, and a close follower of his Master.

Mrs. Jacobs, speaking with a soft Scotch accent, reached the hearts of all by her very human utterances. "We still love Canada with all our hearts," she said, referring to the seventeen years' service of the Colonel and herself in this Dominion. In giving some account of her children, Mrs. Jacobs was glad to say that all were soundly converted. The youngest gave his heart to God in a meeting which The General conducted for the children of Officers some time ago. Said Mrs. Jacobs "The little fellow came running home, announced that Jesus had saved him, and then added: "Mother, do not forget it for it was in The General's meeting." Her daughter is now a Captain in charge of a Corps. Mrs. Jacobs quite won the hearts of her hearers.

"Lessons From the Raising of the Shunammite's Son" is descriptive of the Colonel's address, which showed the truth of the Field Secretary's remark—that the Colonel was a close Bible student. The utter uselessness of "dead saints," the necessity of having life in order to create life, and other points made up an address which will cause that Holiness Meeting to be remembered.

The Afternoon.

If Lieut.-Col. Pugmire is an "old-timer" in the sense of his association with prison work, Colonel Jacobs may perhaps rightly assume that he is no "greenhorn," for he has spent five years or so in Men's Social and Prison Work. No wonder, then, that he hailed with delight the opportunity of visiting the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory on Sunday afternoon. It was during the Colonel's term of office as Chief Secretary for Canada (said Colonel Pugmire in his introductory remarks) that the doors of the prison were thrown open to the Army.

About two hundred men were present, and in spite of a humid atmosphere they listened intently and sang with a fervor that made perspiration and tears mingle before the meeting closed. Brigadier Hammonds and Mrs. Colonel Jacobs gave short addresses, and Colonel Pugmire soloed. Colonel Jacobs' address

went straight to the men's hearts, and when the appeal for decisions was made, about thirty prisoners rose to their feet. Staff-Captain Fraser closed the service with prayer.

From the Central Prison the visitors and their aides went to the Mercer Reformatory, where about fifty women and girls were spoken to. Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs and Brigadier Hammonds addressed the inmates, and Col. Pugmire sang "Come Ye Disconsolate." When he came to the words "Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal," practically the whole sad assembly burst into tears. Indescribable scenes followed. Whole rows of young women sobbed as if their hearts would really break, others knelt down by their seals and cried to God for pardon, and the prison chapel was filled with sounds of weeping. "Never have I witnessed such a heart-rending scene," said Mrs. Colonel Jacobs who is a frequent visitor to the women's prisons in England.

About forty of the women stood and gave evidence of true desire to serve God from thenceforth.

A very interesting meeting was conducted at the Temple in the afternoon by Colonel Gaskin, in which a number of the Headquarters Staff took part, and although the weather was very stormy a splendid audience had assembled.

The Night Meeting.

The Temple, gallery and all, was crowded, while the platform presented a brilliant scene, with the Band at full strength, Songsters Brigade, Officers, and Soldiers. Colonel Gaskin led on, and the meeting was full of enthusiasm. Mrs. Jacobs again found her way to the hearts of the audience by her touching appeal. She told the story of a young man who got converted on the boat on which she and the Colonel came to Canada. "I've no friends at all," he told Mrs. Jacobs. She had the joy of pointing him to the greatest and best Friend—Jesus. Colonel Jacobs made a strong appeal to the hearts and minds of the audience, and in the prayer meeting which followed, four persons knelt at the mercy-seat seeking salvation. They were then able to join with those who were glad that Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs had again visited the Toronto Temple Corps, where they have in the past seen many battles and won as many victories.

Mrs. Captain Nook, of Portage la Prairie, has been very poorly, but some improvement is now reported.

Captain and Mrs. Ruston, of Brockville, are jubilant over the arrival of twins at their Quarters a few days ago. Congratulations!

Norman's Cove.—Six souls recently sought pardon. Captain Coveyduck is labouring hard for souls, and we are all praying and believing for greater victories.—L. G. T.

Continued from Page Eleven.

him and the Bandmaster previous to the operation. "Our comrade was suddenly taken ill at five o'clock in the morning," he said. "He had violent pains in his body. Brother Ball rushed for the doctor, who ordered his immediate removal to an hospital for an operation. Meanwhile I had been sent for. When I reached the bedside the Bandmaster put his arms around me and said: "Adjutant, stay by me; I'm suffering terrible pain." I assured him that I would not leave him, so I got into the ambulance with him, and helped to carry him to the operating room.

"Thank God he's here alive," said one of the doctors.

Just before going under the chloroform the Bandmaster asked me to see that everything went all right.

"I'll be here, Bandmaster," I said. But remember also that God is here. He Whom you have served for so many years will be your sufficiency now in this hour of trial."

"Yes, Adjutant," he said, "this is the time when one realizes that it is good to serve God. He is good to me now."

Then he went under the chloroform, and in less than ten minutes the doctors were at work on him. They told me that it was far more serious than they had thought, and that there was just a chance of recovery for the Bandmaster. But whatever the outcome may be, thank God all is well with his soul. Later in the day I visited him again and told him that the Commissioner and his comrades of the Corps sent their love to him. "Tell them I thank them very much," he said, "Let us pray for him," continued the Adjutant, "that God may put His hand on our brother and restore him to us again."

During the Adjutant's recital of these events, heads dropped here and there, and handkerchiefs came out. Many people were weeping. It was a moment of intense feeling, and the solo of Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, with its pointed question: "How Can I Live Without Jesus?" must have gone home to many hearts. The Commissioner evidently felt that this was not the time for a long address, for after reading one verse of Scripture, "Quench Not the Spirit," he made a few comments on it and then urged those present to put the text into practice. Lieut.-Col. Pugmire at once took hold of the prayer meeting, and ere long led a young man weeping to the mercy-seat. A young woman came next, led to the front by a Sister of the Corps. Three others came out before the conclusion of the meeting.

These tent meetings of the Lisgar Street Corps have been a splendid success. Not a week has passed by but what souls have been saved, and the crowds have been splendid.

Adj. Vallance, of London, Eng., who has been appointed by the Chief of the Staff to a new section of work—the Emigration of Children—under Colonel Lamb, has arrived in Toronto. On Tuesday, Aug. 26th, he visited the various offices at T. H. Q.

Barrie.—We had Major and Mrs. Green with us for the week-end, and all the meetings were attended with much blessing to the exceptionally large crowds. In the afternoon a comrade enrolled under the Blood Five Flag. Out of a congregation of eighty souls twenty per cent. of them were Salvation soldiers of 20 years' standing and over, two of them being able to boast of sixty years' service for the Master and saved!

From 2 to 3 o'clock a service at the County Jail was conducted by Mrs. Major Green, Mrs. Major, and three of the comrade. The prisoners heard with attention, and joined heartily in singing. One of them is desirous to serve God and lead a new life, and we shall therefore watch for him when his fate is decided.

Major delivered a powerful address at night, and three persons found salvation. The service was accompanied on the organ by Mrs. Green, Mrs. Moore, Adjutant and Mrs. Moore, Captain Ehrich, and Lieut. We have just welcomed latter two Officers. The man will be a great help in his section.

Sections are coming up, and in our work is reviving town.—M. A. Corr.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Woodstock, Ont.—We have had the Envoy and Mrs. of London, Ont. They had the week-end meeting which were all enjoyed much. The Envoy met comrades whom he knew of old Land, and they carried a good time fighting here on Sunday. The before the Envoy's son in law, and helped the crowds and finances of. Three souls knelt at the mercy-seat.

has again come to our aid and took the infant twin of Bro. and Sis. Ball. Little was about three months will be missed. We pray bereaved parents.—R.G.

WILKESHAM NEWS.

Wilkesham Corps is justly their trim little building on Sunday, August 2nd, and crowd came to welcome the new building. The Ensign Plant, an old Officer was stationed here present building was by Bro. Battersby of To-wish music on the Sisters Osborne and sang sweetly. It had just the right make things move in direction. Capt. Jones testimony meeting, and the reading of God's appeal for a stricter of the Sabbath day and our village is his remarks on evil and other evil habits. We hope, to bring good of those Sunny Jim.

Customs of the Eskimos

THEIR AMUSEMENTS AND THE ANGEKOK.

(From the Government report of

the cruise of the "Neptune.")



Kenipitu From Chestersfield Inlet.

THE Eskimos are firm believers in the old adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and all join heartily in outdoor and indoor sports. Football is the popular outdoor amusement, and men, women, and children join in kicking about the ice a ball of feathers or deer hair covered with deerskin. There do not appear to be any rules, each player indulging for himself. There is another ball game, where the ball is batted with the open hand backwards and forwards, the object being to prevent it from touching the ground. Wrestling is indulged in by the young men; in this no tripping is allowed, and a throw must be made from a shoulder hold. Boxing as we understand it is not practised, but they have hitting contests, where one man stands unguarded and allows another to hit him as powerful a blow as he is capable of, on the understanding that the blow may be returned under similar conditions. When such a contest takes place between strangers it often leads to the vanquished one, if at home, revenging himself upon the stranger with his knife, and altogether this is a rather dangerous pastime for grown men, although good for boys. The children play out-of-doors during the daylight, having usually miniature sleds to which they attach themselves or the pups.

Among the indoor amusements are a number of games of skill. A very popular game is played by suspending a small ring of ivory by a string to the roof; another string, steadied by a weight, hangs below the ring, often in a vessel of water to prevent it swinging too violently. The string is twisted so that the ring revolves rapidly, and all stand round and attempt to pierce it with small wooded lances. A prize is given to the first successful one, who in turn donates a prize to the second, and so on. Another game is a variety of the cup-and-ball game. A piece of ivory, roughly carved to represent a bear or some other animal, is pierced full of holes and is attached by a short string to a small ivory pencil. The play consists in tossing the large piece into the air and piercing it with the stylus, different values being assigned to the different holes. Cat's-crade is the constant amusement of the

women and children, and they have a great number of figures unknown to the ordinary player in civilization. The Eskimos do not appear to have the gambling spirit strongly developed, and have few games of chance. One of these consists in guessing the number of articles held in the closed hand; another is played with small slabs of ivory, resembling dominoes, but having a greater number of spots on them; the slabs are thrown in the air, and the number of spots are counted on the slabs that fall right side up. A circular disc of ivory, usually with sawn edges, is threaded on a loop of sinew and made to revolve in the same manner as our own small box spins a large button.

The girls have dolls made of wood, and cleverly clothed to represent their elders. The carving of walrus ivory passes many an hour of the long winter. As a rule the carvings are rude representations of various animals and other animate objects, and have no high value as objects of



Aivillik Women at Fullerton.

art, but occasionally there arises a real artist, who when encouraged will produce wonderfully artistic models of the various animals, men, dogs, sleds, and almost anything suggested to him. Others are expert in making models of kyaks and hunting gear.

A common amusement, accompanied by more or less ceremony is the sing-song. When such a performance takes place all the natives of the band congregate in one of the larger houses, sitting around on every available spot. The writer attended one of these sing-songs given in honor of some visiting natives at Cape Fullerton. The ceremony commenced by an elderly native standing out in the middle of the floor space, and beginning to hop gently about. His wife then started the song, being accompanied in the chorus by the other women of his band. The song is sung a line at a time, in a minor key, the air being confined to about three notes. After each line the chorus of two lines is sung, and is somewhat like, "Ai yea yae yae yae yae" repeated twice. While the song is in progress the man dances and hops about the floor, occasionally uttering in a loud voice, we-hew! we-hew! The song belongs to the man, and is his own com-

position, and is composed in a rough metre to suit the air, but does not rhyme, and no great attention is paid to the rhythm. The sentiments are at times poetic. In this particular song praise was given to the springtime, and a longing was expressed for its arrival; mention was also made of the trials of women at childbirth, and wishes were formulated for good luck to the hunters. The song continued upwards of an hour, after which one of the strangers was invited to sing, and on his taking the floor was presented by the old man with a hatchet as a mark of courtesy. The stranger was a Kenipitu from Chestersfield Inlet, and as he was not accompanied by his wife he had himself to sing his song, which he did in a loud voice. The Kenipitu women of the neighbourhood loyally supported him in the chorus. He first thanked the donor of the hatchet for his magnificent present, of which he would make valuable use. He next described the country from whence he came, and said that he was acquainted with the hunting of the sea animals. He expressed a wish to be a great and successful hunter, and deprecated the waste of animals killed for food. By this time he was fairly exhausted,

and is supposed to do this by the aid of a familiar spirit, called his tonwak, which usually assumes the form of some animal—often that of a walrus. To become an angekok it is necessary to receive instructions in the mysteries from some other angekok, and usually more than one take part in the instruction and initiation of the candidate. After being instructed, the novice has a series of incantations performed over him by the assembled angekoks, who dance round him, uttering charms. He is then taken to his home and left for several days in solitude, during which time he meditates and prays for his tonwak to appear; this usually happens after several days, when all that remains to make him a full-fledged angekok is to learn words used by them and unknown to the uninitiated.

The angekok prepares for a seance, either behind a blanket in the tent or in the porch of the snow-house. Some of them appear to be able to work themselves into a sort of mesmeric trance, when they pretend to be able to transport their spirits to distant scenes and tell what is happening there. They also undertake to foretell the results of future hunts, and whether success or failure will follow certain undertakings. In sickness the angekok works all his cures by charms, the Eskimos being entirely without medicines. He ascribes all sickness to the breaking of certain taboos, either by the sick person or by some close relative.

(Continued on Page 14.)

Promoted to Glory.

SISTER MRS. CLARK
OF COTTLE'S COVE.

Death has taken from our Corps an old comrade in the person of Sister Mrs. Thomas Clark, aged 64. The last ten years of her life were full of pain, but she bore it well. During the last two months of her sickness our sister was visited by the writer, who often heard her say: "I am trusting in Jesus for all; my will is the will of my God."

A good crowd was present at the funeral. On Sunday, Aug. 13th, the memorial service was held. It was well attended. Three souls sought salvation at the close.—H. Moulton.

SISTER MRS. LOCKE
OF NEW ABERDEEN, C.B.

After several weeks of lingering illness, Mrs. Albert Locke passed quietly but triumphantly away to her home on Sunday morning, August 6th. Her last words were a definite testimony to God's presence with her in the valley, and a simple prayer that God would take her home.

On Monday afternoon, after an impressive service in the hall conducted by Adj. Jaynes and Captain Galtway, we laid our sister's body to rest in Bridgeport Cemetery. The funeral procession, headed by the Corps' Band, was one of the largest seen in this town for a long time.

A memorial service was held on Sunday night.

Our sympathy and prayers are offered for Bro. Locke and his five children in their sorrow.—A. Comrade.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

(Continued from page 6.)

desolate unattainableness of Janie's husband of that comfort and consolation which we must hope Horton Church has had from some mourners.

He remembered nothing of her funeral; nor, curiously enough, of his wife's relatives.

"I dare say we were dazed like w' griel," one disreputable put in.

But Jack, with the incompromising honesty and simplicity which must have stamped even his wickedest self, said, "I was drunk for eight solid weeks."

A frenzy of grief was upon him which can only be understood by men and women of passions and like intensity of himself.

Words pale before his experience of those following months. Only when one has heard slow syllables well up from a deep heart which held a capacity for devotion to God, loved ones can they seem so thin and strained.

"I thought God had taken away me. I hated God. I hated sight of a woman for not being Janie. I made up my mind to let her lay dying never to buy another suit of clothes. She'd be proud in my being respectable."

said "I'll be a thorough guard now. If I ever get clothes I'll steal 'em."

"I'd always the baby with me. I took it in long clothes to a public-house. Many a time taken my dog and my baby, the dog's watched her as she asleep on the table or settling away once to see my mother, and I'd babby with me in her long clothes. A store sleet and snow came on, I took off my jacket and wrapped her in it, and went on in shirt-sleeves. I met a bob on the road. I was drunk, suppose he thought I'd be to some game, for he asked what I'd got. I just laid jacket on the snow and under it, and there was the babby and her bottle of milk. An would give me a drop of milk her on the way. He started just horrified. "My God, Sir," he said, and he let me go.

"For miles about folk me and pined me. I used to my wife's grave and grass off it and carry it to my bosom. I've gone at night with an iron rod and down so I could touch her. Whole nights I've slept in grave. I've lain there and God to send me to Hell."

The grave-digger's coffin found me in the morning through with the rain, and me into his house and a hot coffee and talked to

"What are you going to do?" he asked once.

"If I wasn't afraid of nature, I'd cut off my head."

"I didn't know what went to pay the doctor. I saw him I knocked him in his own surgery and him. I was drunk, and I'd made up my mind to on the fire. I'd have killed only his assistant came was frightful, and went of the town."

"There was a spiritus and another man hold wife and me, we were and told him we'd sell the house and give him the if he'd get us five miles with our wives. But I Oace I'd a dream. Sh

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

(Continued from page 6.)

desolate unattainableness by Janie's husband of that comfort and consolation which we may hope Horton Church has had for some mourners.

He remembered nothing of her funeral; nor, curiously enough, do his wife's relatives.

"I dare say we were dozed-like with grief," one discreetly put in.

But Jack, with the uncompromising honesty and simplicity which must have stamped even his wickedest self, said, "I was drunk for eight solid weeks."

A frenzy of grief was upon him which can only be understood by men and women of like passions and like intensity with himself.

Words pale before his experience of those following months. Only when one has heard the slow syllables well up from the deep heart which held such capacity for devotion to God and loved ones can they seem other than strained.

"I thought God had taken against me. I hated God. I hated the sight of a woman for not being Janie. I made up my mind white she lay dying never to buy another suit of clothes. She'd taken pride in my being respectable. I said 'I'll be a thorough black-guard now. If I ever get any clothes I'll steal 'em.'"

"I'd always the baby with me. I took it in long clothes to the public-house. Many a time I've taken my dog and my ba'n, and the dog's watched her as she lay asleep on the table or settle. I'd gone away once to see my mother, and I'd babby wi' me, still in her long clothes. A storm of sleet and snow cam' on, and I took off my jacket and wropped her in it, and went on in my shirt-sleeves. I met a bobby on the road. I was drunk, and I suppose he thought I'd been up to some game, for he asked me what I'd got. I just laid the jacket on the snow and unrolled it, and there was the babby, with her bottle of milk. Anybody would give me a drop of milk for her on the way. He started back, just horrified. 'My God, Stoker!' he said, and he let me go on.

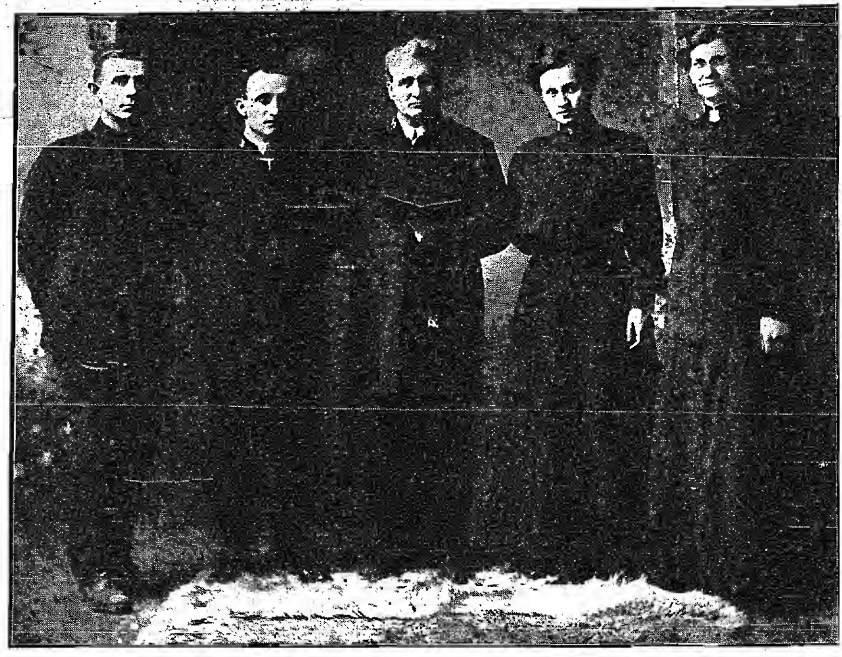
"For miles about fowk knew me and pitied me. I used to go to my wife's grave and get the grass off it and carry it in my bosom. I've gone at midnight with an iron rod and thrust it down so I could touch her coffin. Whole nights I've slept on her grave. I've lain there and asked God to send me to Hell at once. The gravedigger's come and found me in the morning wet through with the rain, and taken me into his house and given me hot coffee and talked to me.

"What are you going to do?" he asked once.

"If I wasn't afraid of the future, I'd cut off my head," I told him.

"I didn't know what to do. I went to pay the doctor, and when I saw him I knocked him down in his own surgery and thrashed him. I was drunk, of course. I'd made up my mind to put him on the fire. I'd have killed him, only his assistant came in. He was frightit, and went away out of the town.

"There was a spiritualist came, and another man ho'd lost his wife and me, we went to him and told him we'd sell our furniture and give him the proceeds if he'd get us five minutes' talk with our wives. But he couldn't. Once I'd a dream. She came in



HALLELUJAH WEDDING AT NEW GLASGOW.

Captain R. Penfold, Ensign T. Meeks, Major McLean, Mrs. Ensign Meeks, Ensign J. Moore.

white. I was frightit. But she said, 'Do you see you sunshine?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Yonder,' she went on, 'where the sunshines, and it's all green, is my Home—I live there.' 'Are you happy?' I asked; and she said, 'Yes,' and went away. But it didn't comfort me.

"Did nobody—no good person—come and try to comfort you?" one asked.

And Jack Stoker answered: "No; no one."

(To be continued.)

International Headquarters.

THE GENERAL.

The General made another assault upon the seaside holiday crowds by leading a Sunday campaign at Ilfracombe. On Monday he visited Bideford and Barnstaple, and on the 21st of August started out on his seventh motor campaign. Concerning it The General says:

"I feel that this coming motor campaign is going to be one amongst the difficult enterprises of my life. It can only be made the success I desire by the intervention of my Heavenly Father, and I want every friend I possess to ask Him, not only to sustain me physically in the undertaking, but to bless every mile that shall be travelled, every song that shall be sung, every prayer that shall be offered, and every speech that shall be made.

"By this means the track of my motor up and down the kingdom, from first to last, shall be one of heavenly light, love, and mercy, inspiring my own dear people with new enthusiasm, drawing the attention of the ungodly to the things of eternity, leading a crowd of men and women to Christ, and bringing glory and honour to God.

"With earnest prayer, hearty co-operation, desperate efforts, and the outpouring of the Holy

Ghost, I am assured we shall have a flood of Salvation."

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Chief of the Staff is holding Young People's Councils in November, besides a series of Councils for Divisional Commanders, which are to be sandwiched in-between the two Sundays allotted to the young people.

Captain Miriam Booth continues to make progress. It is hoped that she may be strong enough to go to the sea in the course of a week or so.

A cable from Simla shows that Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Tucker has slightly improved during the last few days. She is suffering from a severe attack of fever, which commenced on July 21st. We again ask prayers for her and for the Commissioner.

The British Commissioner will accompany The General during the opening stages of his motor campaign. He afterwards goes to the North of Scotland, whither he will be accompanied by Mrs. Higgins.

Colonel Whalmore, the British Field Secretary, is the "skipper" of the General's Motor Campaign. Colonel Lawley will also, of course, accompany The General throughout the tour.

Brigadier McMillan has been appointed to the command of the Central Social Department of the Western States, with headquarters at Denver. This is the appointment which Colonel Holland held until his death.

WEST INDIES.

A new Halt was recently opened at Bridgetown, Barbados. His Excellency Sir Leslie Probyn, the Governor of the Island, being present.

His Excellency, after paying a generous tribute to the Army's work on the island, said: "There is no greater difficulty facing us than that of dealing with the first offenders. There are young people who have been badly trained and who have fallen into crime, and it is recognized that it is wrong that they should be treated as hardened cutpurses against the law; consequently there is a First Offenders Act in force in the Colony, in the actual working of which there has been difficulties. His Honour Sir Herbert Greaves the Chief Justice, has been anxiously studying this question, and I think it is quite possible that The Salvation Army may be able in some degree to co-operate in helping the first offenders so that their first offence may be their last.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir James Rose-Innes, K.C.M.G., Acting Chief Justice of the South African Union, who was one of Commissioner Eadie's most prominent supporters on the occasion of his welcome in Cape Town, is one of the staunchest advocates of The Army's Social Work.

It was Sir James who laid the foundation stone of the Social Farm and Prison Gate Home at Bondebosch, and he was one of the first to propose Government aid for our Social operations.

Lieut.-Col. Rauch, the Chief Secretary, accompanied by the Staff Band, recently visited Paarl, where a splendid Sunday's meetings were held, seventeen sinners seeking pardon, and twenty-one persons seeking full salvation.

UNITED STATES.

Major and Mrs. Brewer were

supposed to do this of a familiar spirit awak, which usually form of some anti- that of a watrus. an angekok. It is receive instructions steries from some k, and usually more ie part in the in- d initiation of the fter being instruct- e has a series of performed over him led angekok, who d him, uttering s then taken to his for several days in ng which time he prays for his lon- : this usually hap- eral days, when all o make him a full- okok is to learn ay them and un- initiated. k prepares for a behind a blanket n the porch of the Some of them ap- to work themse- rt of mesmeric ey pretend to be rt their spirits to and tell what is e. They also un- elt the results of nd whether suc- will follow cer- gs. In sickn- works all his cures Exynos being en- medicines. He sickness to the ain taboos, either son or by some on Page 14.)

to Glory.

ARK OTTLE'S COVE

ken from our made in the per- Thomas Clark, st ten years of It of pain, but During the last or sickness on by the writer, her say: "I am or all; my will God."

was present at Sunday, Aug. at service was attended. Three ation at the

KE ERDEEN, C.B.

eks of linger- Albert Locke triumphantly, on Sunday. h. Her last ite testimony ith her in the e prayer the r home.

oon after an in the half Jaynes and laid our sis- ernal proces- Corps' Band, rest seen in me.

he was held prayers are ke and his sorrow."

recently installed as Chief Divisional Officers for Des Moines. The Army is well entrenched in this prosperous city, the roster being as follows:

1. A thriving corps work among the Scandinavians.
2. A prosperous English-speaking corps, well housed and centrally located.
3. An up-to-date Hotel for working men, well patronized.
4. A well-equipped Industrial Home, doing a good work.
5. A useful Rescue Home and Maternity Hospital, owning its own magnificent property.

CUSTOMS OF THE ESKIMOS.

(Continued from Page 12.)

They perform a number of simple conjuring tricks for the benefit of their audience. I was present at a seance at Cape Fullerton, where two angekok officiated. They made their preparations in the porch out of sight of the audience, who were arranged in rows on the bed, and who all kept crying "alte after," inviting the angekok to enter. Each woman wore a small piece of deer-skin on the top of her head. A long conversation was held with the angekok outside, before he finally entered. He first essayed to describe the place whence I came, and in this he was not very successful. He then told us the locality of the Eskimos who had taken our mail south some weeks before; this ended the first part of the performance. The next time, he entered in the form of his familiar spirit, the walrus, and to simulate it had a pair of small tusks fastened into his mouth. Being angry, he tried to strike the natives with the tusks, and was only prevented by considerable force. He was finally ejected, and pursued by the other angekok, who could be heard chasing the walrus several times over the igloo. A violent struggle ensued. The pursuer returned to the igloo a few minutes later with his hands and arms covered with blood, claimed to be that of the walrus spirit. The other came in, a few minutes later, quite unconcerned about the amount of blood he was supposed to have lost. The second angekok now attempted the same trick, but during the scuffle inside the igloo caught one of his tusks in a coat, which pulled it from his mouth. He immediately retired, and felt very bad about the mishap. Later he came to me and asked to be excused from working the next day, which he must spend alone appeasing his tonwak, while all his household had to fast for twenty-four hours. The final act was performed by the successful angekok, who said that he would attempt to make some angekok tobacco. While he was making his preparations a number of fresh blocks of snow were brought in, and a depression hollowed out in each for eupisudors, as no person must spit on the floor after smoking angekok tobacco. He explained that angekok tobacco tasted differently from ordinary tobacco, and that if we found this peculiar taste, of course the thing was proved. He then clumsily palmed a piece of black tobacco between his hands, and shredded it fine, after which it was placed in a new clay pipe, lighted, and passed round the assembly.

THE COMMISSIONER'S The Chief Secretary

ENGAGEMENTS.
THE COMMISSIONER
will conduct an important **SOLDIERS' COUNCIL** in the **TEMPLE, Albert St.,** on **Thursday, OCTOBER 3,** to which all the **Soldiers of the City** are invited.
The Council will commence at 8 p.m. sharp.

MAJOR and Mrs. MILLER
Will visit
ST. CATHARINES, SEPTEMBER 23 and 24.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SIMS
will visit
WEST TORONTO, SEPT. 10.
BOWMANVILLE, SEPT. 23 and 24.

MAJOR CAMERON
will visit
SIMCOE SEPT. 23 and 24.
PARLIAMENT STREET, SEPTEMBER 16 and 17.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tune.—Living Beneath, B. J. 100.
1 If you want pardon, if you want peace,
If you want sorrow or sighing to cease,
Look up to Jesus who died on the tree,
To purchase a full salvation.

If you want boldness, take part in the fight;
If you want purity, walk in the light;
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want holiness, cling to the Cross,
Counting the riches of earth but dress;
Down at His feet you'll be wealthy and wise,
Enjoying a full salvation.

2 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious Blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Still Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and truth,
For earth and Heaven above.

And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled
If faith but brings the plea.

Praise.

Tunes.—Congress, 28; Song-Book No. 339.

3 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

The Chief Secretary

assisted by
LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE and
BRIGADIER POTTER
will conduct the wedding of
CAPTAIN ERNEST PUGMIRE,
of T. H. Q.,
and
CAPTAIN GRACE VICKERS,
of Berlin, Ont.,
at the **TEMPLE** on
THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, at 8 p.m.
T. H. Q. Staff will be present.
Also the Territorial Staff, the Temple and Toronto No 1. Bands.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR.
Assisted by Captain Watkinson and the Men Cadets, will conduct the Harvest Festival Services at
WEST TORONTO, SEPT 16 & 17
LISGAR STREET, TORONTO

BRIGADIER BOND.
(assisted by the Editorial Staff)
SEPTEMBER 17th.
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry.
"To he exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Blessed assurance—Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine.
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
Born of His Spirit, washed in His Blood.
Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and praying, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Salvation
5 There's sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light
Chorus:
There is sunshine, blessed sunshine.
There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.
There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and praying, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Salvation
5 There's sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light
Chorus:
There is sunshine, blessed sunshine.
There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.
There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above.

Salvation

5 There's sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light
Chorus:
There is sunshine, blessed sunshine.
There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.
There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above.

Chorus:
There is sunshine, blessed sunshine.
There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.
There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above.

There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.
There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above.

There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above.

Tunes.—I Stood Outside
S. M., 235; Song-Book
6 I stood outside the
poor wayfarer
Within my heart there
tempest loud and
A fear oppressed my soul
should be too late,
And, Oh I trembled sore,
prayed outside the gate.

Chorus:
Jesus is calling.

"Merely!" I loudly cried, "Oh
give me rest from sin!"
"I will!" a voice replied, and
Merely let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
and carried all my sin;
She eased my burdened soul,
and gave me peace within.
In Mercy's form I knew the Saviour—long abused—
Who oft had sought my heart,
and wept when I refused.
Oh, what a blest return for ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate, and
Jesus let me in.

The Bible and Prohibition.

There are very few men who look upon the Word of God as being a set of detailed instructions concerning every part of everyday life. Such a view would be comparatively narrow in its nature and inefficient in its results. The Bible is accepted as the embodiment of great truths and principles which thoughtful men may understand and apply to the details of their daily conduct. Embodied in its reverend pages is the sound doctrine of the day of all to uphold good and overcome evil. It tells of laws of men and laws of God, and one distinction between these two kinds of legislation is that God's laws attempt no regulation of iniquity.

Wherever divine mandate is directed against a sin, it is in the form of a law of total prohibition. "Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal." have in them no hint of recognition of anything like license. It is only in man-made laws that we find the absurd, the illogical, the futile attempt to regulate sin.—The Pioneer.

ADVICE TO V. P. WORKERS

(By One of Them.)
No sensible man or woman expects to go through life without difficulties. Some have thought they could do so, and have therefore run away from them, leaving one sphere of labour to go to another. Finding new difficulties there, they have made another change, and so on continually. The result of this sort of thing is that these comrades' characters become shifty and unsettled; they cannot be men and women of purpose because they are afraid of difficulties.
I have learned by experience that difficulties have one of two effects. If faced and rightly dealt with, they are of the greatest help in making a man or woman strong in character. The man strong in character, is just the opposite; to pass a difficulty means to meet it another way, and as we thus become weaker, so the difficulty increases.

Printed and Published at The Salvation Army Printing Department, Toronto, Ont., by Benjamin W. Kent, Editor, Trade Secretary.
Subscription Prices—Ontario (East of Port Huron), Quebec, Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, 2s. 6d. per annum. N. S. W. 3s. 6d. per annum. The United States and Canada, 5s. 0d. per annum.

Script

We have
new and
and dec

No. 520. M

15c each. Size 9
Colored bevelled edge
of Emblematic Design
Silver. TEXTS—1.
O Lord. 2. Our hearts
the Lord. 3. Lead us
lasting. 4. In God's

No. 496. Praise.

25c each. Size 9
A new series of
white ornamental
Velvet, designs in
colors. Texts in
—1. As for me
serve the Lord
mindful of us. 3.
yesterday, and to-
me.

No. 478.

25c each.
A series of fine
bossed and bevelled
imitation velvet
white letters.
1. Commit thy
2. Thou wilt
3. Teach me
Lord hath been

Trade

Scripture Texts and Mottoes

We have just received a consignment, with many new and unique designs. For beautifying the Home and decorating the Hall they are hard to beat.



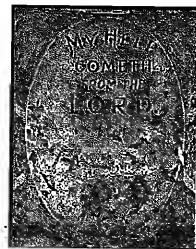
No. 520. My Refuge.

15c each. Size 9 1/4 by 7. Corded. Colored bevelled edges. A new series of Emblematical Designs, printed in bold Chromo Lithography. Texts in Silver. TEXTS.—1. Teach me Thy way O Lord. 2. Our help is in the name of the Lord. 3. Lead me in the way everlasting. 4. In God have I put my trust

Imitation Plush.



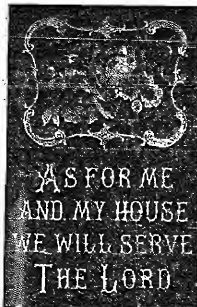
Imitation Plush, in three colors. Red, Brown, and Mauve. Raised Metal Letters. Corded. Size 13 by 6. 35c each. TEXTS.—1. God is love. 2. Able to keep. 3. Christ is all.



No. 521. My help cometh from the Lord.

15c each. Size 9 1/4 by 7 1/4. FLORAL SHIELDS, Corded. Colored bevelled edges. Effective Floral Designs printed in full colors, in ornamental shield shape. Texts in silver. TEXTS: 1. Be not afraid only believe. 2. Cast thy burden upon the Lord. 3. My help cometh from the Lord. 4. Lead me in Thy truth and teach me.

No. 496. Songs of Praise.

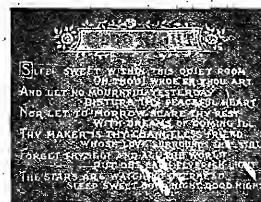


No. 495. Strength by the Way.



40c each. Size 19 by 12. Corded. A striking novelty. New series of Embossed Floral Designs on duplex Imitation Velvet, with embossed frame. Designs beautifully colored. Texts in White Letters. TEXTS.—1. As thy days, so shall thy strength be. 2. My grace is sufficient for thee. 3. He giveth grace unto the lowly. 4. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.

No. 497. "Our Life" Series.



25c each. Corded. Size 12 by 9 1/4. New series of verse cards on Imitation Velvet. Verses in White Letters. Something quite new. This number contains the ever-popular Imitation Velvet series of which so many thousands have been sold. 1. Our Life. 2. Good Night.

25c each. Size 11 1/2 by 7 1/4. Corded. A new series of Bird Designs, in white ornamental Panel, on imitation Velvet, designs aerographed in natural colors. Texts in white letters. TEXTS.—1. As for me and my house we will serve the Lord. 2. The Lord hath been mindful of us. 3. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. 4. I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

No. 478. Art Velvet.



25c each. Size 12 by 9 1/4. Corded. A series of fine floral designs, highly embossed and beautifully aerographed on imitation velvet cardboard. Texts in white letters. Very effective. TEXTS.—1. Commit thy way unto the Lord. 2. Thou wilt show me the path of life. 3. Teach me to do Thy will. 4. The Lord hath been mindful of us.

Imitation Plush.



Imitation Plush, in three colors. Red, Mauve, and Brown. Raised Metal Letters. Corded. Size 13 by 6. 35c each. TEXTS.—1. God is love. 2. Able to keep. 3. Christ is all.

No. 502. Poppies and Tulips.



20c each. Size 10 1/4 by 8 1/4. Corded. A beautiful series of Text Cards on Imitation Velvet, with delicately tinted designs and fine Landscapes in Pan. 1. Texts in White Letters. This makes a very charming card. TEXTS.—1. My presence shall go with thee. 2. Certainly I will be with thee. 3. My grace is sufficient for thee. 4. Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Trade Sec., 18 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

ANNUAL CONGRESS

TORONTO

October 11th to 17th.

MRS.

BRAMWELL BOOTH

WITH

Commissioner & Mrs. REES

IN COMMAND ASSISTED BY

COL. and MRS. MAPP and Leading Officers.

THE
BEST
YET!

THE SALVATION ARMY UP-TO-DATE.
GRAND SPECTACULAR DEMONSTRATION.
DELEGATES FROM ALL PARTS OF CANADA.
MASSSED BANDS.
WAVES OF BLESSING. HEAVENLY MUSIC.

THE
BEST
YET!

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11th, at 8 p.m.,

Welcome to

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH

(wife of the CHIEF OF THE STAFF) and visiting Officers, in the MASSEY HALL. Delegates representing different countries, dressed in national costumes will appear, and a very striking programme has been arranged.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12th.

Three Sessions of OFFICERS' COUNCILS will be held. Candidates, Senior, and Y.P. and Band Locals will be admitted to the Thursday Night Session of the F.O.'s Councils.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13th.

Three Sessions of OFFICERS' COUNCILS will be held.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14th.

MRS. BOOTH will conduct a SOLDIERS' COUNCIL in

the BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, Oct. 15th.

11 p.m., HOLINESS MEETING in THE TEMPLE at which MRS. BOOTH will Speak.

3 p.m. MASSEY HALL

Mrs. BOOTH

will deliver

A SOCIAL LECTURE

MASSSED BANDS and FORCES, together with Visiting Officers and Soldiers, will unite.

7 p.m. MASSEY HALL Great Salvation Meeting. MRS. BOOTH WILL

SPEAK, Masssed Bands and Forces and Visiting Officers will unite.

Special Railroad Rates to Toronto and return by securing Standard Certificate from Local Ticket Agent.

THE

W

AND OFFICIAL

15th Year. No. 5



Officers' Qu

